C. XXIX

THYESTES

A

TRAGEDY.

Acted at the

Theatre-Royal,

By their

MAJESTIES SERVANTS.

Written by Mr. CROWN.

LONDON,

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The Song at *Atreus* his Banquet.

A Lovely pair endowed by Fate,
With Loves and Beauties whole Eſtate;
At the ſweeteſt game have been,
You know, you know what I mean,
You know, you know what I mean.

2

For Kiſſes firſt the Lovers play'd,
The pleaſant ſport provok'd the Maid
To that height, ſhe growing mad,
Had almoſt play'd for all ſhe had;
But the Maid was not ſo mad.

3

She'll ask her Father's leave ſhe ſwears,
And then ſhe'll play for what he dares,
Leave is had, and to't they go;
What I mean, you know, you know.
What I mean, you know, you know.

4

To deeper Play, they now begin,
The happy young man's hand is in,
Both have ſtak'd down all their joys,
But ſhe loſes, for ſhe cryes:
See! ſhe cryes! oh! ſee ſhe cryes!

5

But now the Bride, oh! tempting ſight!
Has won her lapful of delight,
To deeper Play, ſhe urges on;
But, alas! his ſtakes are gone,
But, alas! his ſtakes are gone.

6

And now ſhe locks her Cabinet,
But he'll play another ſet,
When his hand again is in,
You know, you know what I mean,
You know, you know what I mean.

A Chorus of Priests.

Goddess Minerva, *wise, Austere,*
Sober, Valiant, Chast, and Fair,
we bring thee here,
A Kind, a Young, a Lovely Pair;
Who beg thy leave to joyn their hands,
In Chast and Holy Marriage-bands.

1 Pr. *Oh! Let him be active Fire,*
Ever burning in desire,
Ever free
From any smoak of Jealousy.

Let her be water, soft to all his touches,
Ever hot when he approaches,
When he takes away his Eye,
Ever froze with Chastity:
Long let love possess her heart,
And ne're let Love and Beauty Part.

The First Chorus Sung over again.

PROLOGUE.

WHat curſed Planet o're this Play-houſe raignes,
Palſies, and Gouts, are all the Old mens gaines;
And we young men, e're we have learnt to ſpeak,
Have learnt the Old mens curſed trick, to Breek.
Some went to Scotland; *they had cunning Plots*
who went to ſell the Engliſh *wit to* Scots.
Scots in that traffique excell you I feer,
witneſs their Covenant they ſold you ſo dear:
So thoſe young men are come as wealthy home,
As they return devout who go for Rome:
But ſtill we are followed with a curſed blaſt,
For in the harbours mouth we have ſplit our Maſt,
And ſuch Poetique Jewels periſh here,
As might be worn with pride in any Ear;
Our maſſy treaſure we ſhall ne're buy up.
But live on poor ſlight ſtuff that floats atop.
To day like cunning Romiſh Prieſts we try
If we can awe you, with an antient lye.
Some ſay you muſt not dare to paſs a doom,
On what has been admir'd by Greece *and* Rome.
You upſtart Sectaries of wit cry down
what has for twenty ages had renown?
The world will ask (in ſcorn of your diſpraiſe)
where was your wit, Sirs, before Shakeſpears *days?*
No matter where, we'l ſay y'have excellent ſence,
If you will pleaſe to let us get your pence.
we like the Pope regard not much your praiſe,
He Tickets ſells for Heaven, and we for Plays;
'll but to make advantage of the Keys;
ey for your Tickets, and go where you pleaſe.

THE

The Persons of the Tragedy.

Atreus King of *Argos*.
Thyestes Brother of *Atreus*.
Philisthenes Son to *Thyestes*, in love with *Antigone*.
Peneus an old Philosopher, once Tutour and Governour to *Atreus*.

Ærope Wife of *Atreus*.
Antigone. his Daughter in love with *Philisthenes*.

SCENE *Atreus* his Court.

THYESTES
A
TRAGEDY

ACT I. SCENE I.

Thunder: *The Ghoſt of* Tantalus, Megæra.

SCENE *the Palace.*

Tan. THOU mercileſs, deteſted, horrid Fury:
To what new Colonies of mocking Fruits,
And vaniſhing falſe Streams, doſt thou tranſplant
The Hungry Thirſty Shade of *Tantalus*?

Me. To Colonies, where thou ſhalt eat and drink
Thy fill in quiet.

Tan. Wilt thou clothe me then
In Fleſh and Blood again? For had I them
Thou woud'ſt permit me to devour my ſelf.

Me. I laſh thee hither, to devour thy ſelf;
Monſters I mean deſcended from thy ſelf.
Thou lazy Ghoſt haſt done thy work by halves:
I chas'd thee hither once, to fill thy Houſe
With Inceſt, Treaſon, Blood. Inceſt I ſee,
Brother whor'd Brother's Wife; Treaſon I ſee,
Brother depos'd his Brother from his Throne;
But where's the Blood? I ſee no blood at all,
Th' inceſtuous Traytour is in Exile ſafe.

Let me have Murders, such as all my Snakes
May rear themselves to see, and hiss Applause,
The Father eat the Nephew he begot;
The Bastard Nephew go out of the World,
A way more horrid than he came into it:
Let the vast Villany of thy damn'd Race
Reach, and confound the Heavens; make the Night
Engender with the Day; the groaning Day
Bring forth Gygantick darkness at full Noon,
Such as for hours may pluck the Sun from Heaven.
At this black Feast, I'le let thee be a Guest,
Devour thy fill in quiet, when thy Cup
Flowes with the Blood of thy incestuous Race,
Nothing shall dare to snatch it from thy Lips.

Tan. Return me to my dark dire Prison in Hell,
And all you tortur'd Spirits hug your pains;
Nor, might you be releas'd, return to Life;
For Earth in Sin and Torment exceeds Hell:
Finish thy execrable work thy self,
The pain is more than I am bound to bear.

Me. Look'st thou for Laws and Equity in Hell?
Thy Sword was all thy Reason upon Earth,
And this is ours.

Tan. Oh! hold thy gnawing Whip,
I will obey.

Me. Enter the Palace then;
Here with thy Son didst thou once feast thy Gods,
With thy great Grand-Sons now Feast all the Furies.

[*The Scene is drawn, Atreus asleep.*

Behold a Shadow of thy pains in Hell
Heir'd, by thy Grand-son *Atreus* upon Earth;
Night seems to offer him her shady Fruit,
And squeeze her Balmy slumbers in his Eyes,
And when he catches at 'em, she pulls back,
So from the Evening's Valley to the Morning Hill
He rowls his time, as *Sysiphus* his Stone.
The trembling Shade obeys, and pours himself
Into the Palace, which shakes more than he. [*Ex. Tan.*
Nature's diseas'd and scar'd at his approach;
Trees shed their Leaves, as poyson'd men their Hair;

Streams

Streams crowd into their Mother-Fountain's Womb;
The Seas that hung on the *Corinthian* Neck,
Like Rival Queens in endleſs enterview,
Swell'd with Convulſion Fits, run foaming back,
Nor can be held by all their watry Train;
And in their fright miſcarry of new Iſles.
Winds ſcowre the Air like midnight Revellers,
Mad with ſtrong Spirits they ne're drunk before.
Night us'd to Apparitions, ſweats at this,
And calls the Morning up, Morn dares not riſe,
But like a timerous Virgin lower creeps. [*Enter* Tantalus.
The work is done!——*Atreus* begins to riſe,
And riſing raves, deſcend damn'd Shade; the Earth
Cannot ſupport at once *Atreus* and thee;
You both will break both Poles.——Deſcend to Hell.
[Tan. *and* Me. *deſcend*; Atreus *riſes*.

Atr. All of the ſudden quiet? is the Maſque
Concluded then, and Furies gone to reſt?
Then Furies may have reſt, though I'm denyed:
The Gods grudge me what they beſtow on Hell.
What Nights have I? Sure I miſtake for Nights
Whole pieces torn out of th' Infernal Blacks,
To wrap the Furies whilſt they ſport themſelves
In this cold upper Air, by tort'ring me.
Confound you Furies, why do you vex me?
Is Earth grown good, that you want work below?
I'm ſure my ſhare has wickedneſs enough,
And find my Brother, and I'le fill your hands;
Mean while torment me not with Nightly pains,
Want of revenge is pain enough to me.
Till revenge Crowns me, I am ſtill depos'd,
A Contemn'd, Artleſs, Nerveleſs, Spiritleſs Slave,
A loaded emptyneſs, on which my Brother,
Like a God, hangs an Univerſe of wrongs.
Ho! there! [*Enter a Waiter.*

1. Your Royal Will.

Atr. Thou fawning Dog!
Thou lazy uſeleſs Cur, how long wilt thou
And all thy fellow Curs, with flattering Tongues,
Lye licking my wide Wounds, and not hunt out

The Savage Beaſt, from whom I had 'em all?
My gaping aking wounds can ne're be cur'd,
Till they are tented with his naked Bones.
By *Tantalus*, my wicked Grandfather
Who fear'd no Gods, by my more wicked ſelf,
Who have no fear of Gods, or Men, or Devils,
Bring me *Thyeſtes* all to pieces torn,
E're I be rack'd by one more reſtleſs Night,
Or you, and all the Race of you ſhall dye;
For I'le leave nothing upon Earth to groan
For all your Deaths, but the o're-loaded Trees,
On whoſe torn boughs in Cluſters you ſhall hang.

[*Enter a Second.*

2. Sir, *Tereus* is return'd from the ſtrict ſearch
Of Prince *Thyeſtes*.

Atr. Ha! go bring him in.

Enter Tereus.

Now ſpeak the Tydings, yet thou need'ſt not ſpeak,
Thy trembling Joints bow under evil news,
Death fills thy Face, and ſtands as in the Door
Ready to take poſſeſſion of the Houſe.
Thy Eyes, like Evening-lights before their time
Conſum'd with Storms, are ready to go out,
And let thy Soul in darkneſs ſcape away:
But firſt I'le make it lay its burden down.
Speak, can *Thyeſtes* yet be found?

Ter. Not yet.

Atr. Then from this hour thou ſhalt be found no more.

1. Great Sir.——

Atr. Nor thou!——thus will I uſe you all; [*Stabs both.*
For you are Traytors all, hir'd Traytors, all
Brib'd by *Thyeſtes*, you are all his Slaves,
He governs here in *Argos*, and not I;
I am his Slave, poor Slave; I have not Wealth
Enough, to purchaſe from his Head one Hair,
Yet he can buy my Peace, my Throne, my Wife,
And after all can keep me on the Rack
In my own Kingdom; in the midſt of all
My Slaves and Guards, a Slave can rack a King;

An

An exil'd Slave a King; so many Friends
In Heaven, Earth, and Hell, has Villany.

Enter Antigone *with* Agamemnon *and* Menelaus, *Infants.*

Atr. Now! what art thou?
Ant. Antigone.
Atr. What's that?
Ant. Your Daughter, Sir.
Atr. And are you sure o' that?
By Heavens, thy Mother was so rank a Whore,
That it is more than all the Gods can tell
What share of thee is mine.
Ant. You have been pleas'd
To think me all your own.
Atr. I have been pleas'd
To be a Fool, and think thy Mother too
Was all my own, and chaste.
Ant. So sure she was,
Though any Chastity may be surpriz'd.
However, Sir, we came——
Atr. To make me mad?
Was it for that?
Ant. No, Sir, to make you Calm:
You have been pleas'd sometimes to take delight
In most unworthy me, and in these two
Poor innocent young Princes, who did ne're
Offend you yet.
Atr. How! not offend me yet?
Then shou'd two flames, all of the sudden burst
Out of the Hill, on which my Palace stands,
The Hill upon whose brow by night I sleep,
By day I take my prospects of my delight,
The horrid flames wou'd not offend me? ha!
By all the Gods, these damn'd incestuous Brats
Are the irruptions of a burning Whore,
More hot than *Etna.*
Ant. Oh! Sir! howe're my Mother sin'd of late,
Yet I have heard your self sometimes confess
You thought her innocent when we were born.

She

She never saw my wicked Uncle's Face
Till after we were born.

Atr. And what o' that?
Are there no men to sin withall but he?
What a vast Monster dost thou make thy Mother?
At the first minute of her Birth in Sin;
To conquer Nature, cancel all her Laws,
Do more than Fiends have done these thousand years?
No, no, so well of her do I believe,
I rather think she always was a Whore,
And by degrees ascended to this height:
Oh! how I lov'd that Woman! oh! the Gods!
Why in her stead was I not doom'd to love
Some gastly, grim, devouring, Hellish Fury,
Whose Hairs were Serpents, and her breath a plague;
Whose Bones were Gibets, and her Nerves Iron Chains,
Whose Eyes were Comets, and her Voice was Thunder,
Whose Teeth were Hooks all gor'd with humane blood,
Whose Flesh and Blood was a devouring bog,
Compounded of all poysons in the world?
In her abhor'd embrace I had not found
So many Deaths and Hells as I do now.

Ant. Gods! if my Mother sin'd against such love,
And sin'd so foulely as some say she has,
Pour all your vengeance on her impious head,
And spare the injur'd King; his heavy wrongs
Are sufferings great enough for all his sins.

Atr. Gods! with what witchcraft did this woman deal?
She has transform'd me to I know not what,
I am a mingle of Fool, Tyrant, Devil,
Madman, and Child, for by the Gods I weep,
VVho ne're did so in tender'st Infancy.

Ant. Hard were the Heart that would not melt at this.

Atr. I am a madman too, I tear my self,
Cause him I ought to fear I cannot reach:
I'm such a Tyrant, were he in my reach,
I'd teach the Furies to torment the damn'd.
I was not always thus, this hellish mind
VVas the Creation of that curs'd woman;
VVhom yet I love, so rank a Fool am I,
And for her sake, her sin-begotten brood,

For

For which I loathe my self, away with 'em.

Ant. Pray, Sir.

Atr. How now? Resist my will? Begone,
Or on the floor I'le mingle all your Brains.
What hinders me from killing these lewd Brats?
Sure it is Hell, which is afraid to lose
Fruit of a Stock, the like was ne're before:
Hence from my sight you Bastards, or my Guards
Shall bear you hence upon their Holbard points.

Enter Pomeus.

Pom. Get you hence, Children; leave the King to me:
Go, fair *Antigone*, your Planets lowr,
I like 'em not; but Children your's shine out:
Prince *Agamemnon*, Oracles agree,
Shall lay a glorious Empire in the Dust,
And *Menelaus* be the chiefest Cause.
But yet no Oracle did utter this
Without ill-boding sounds; then Children hence;
Argos perhaps may perish by your Death,
And that sad way the Oracle fulfill'd. [*Ex.* An. Agam. Mene.

Atr. How now, old Dotard, what is thy business here?

Pom. Business I have, or I wou'd ne're come here:
A Court is not a place for an old man;
'Specially if in dotage so far gone,
As to be honest.

Atr. Hence with thy old Cant;
That was the unintelligible stuff
Thou taught'st my foolish Youth; which now I find
All non-sence, and not fit for Princes Courts?

Pom. What is not Vertue fit for Princes Courts?

Atr. No, 'tis an Art of washing o're false Coin,
And stamping Images of Gods, on Knaves:
Thou seem'st the humblest Creature in the World,
The Fool that into flaming *Etna* leapt,
To be esteem'd a God, had not more pride.
Thou fling'st thy self into the jaws of want,
To be ador'd, and thought a Godlike man.
He strove to disappear in Flame and Smoke,

And thou in cloudy words of good and wife.

Pen. I ſerv'd ſo faithfully your Royal Houſe,
Upwards of threeſcore years, that I believ'd
I might aſſume the name of honeſt man,
Since it was all the wages I deſir'd.
When did I ever wrong you in my life,
That you ſhou'd throw this ſcandal on my age?
I ſpeak for Vertues ſake, and not my own,
Leſt all men ſhou'd forſake her for a Cheat.
I'le do her right, as I'm in Conſcience bound,
And boldly tell you, Vertue makes my Age
More pleaſant, than your Kingdom does your Youth.

Atr. Thanks to *Thyeſtes.*

Pen. He has wrong'd you indeed.
But what have your obedient Subjects done?
And you kill them; to ſave their lives I came.

Atr. They hide the Traytour.

Pen. I believe the Gods
Hide him, leſt you by death ſhou'd ſet him free
From greater puniſhments which they inflict:
Vengeance belongs to Gods, and they devour
Their luſcious Morſels of Revenge alone.

Atr. I'le find their Banquet out, and have my ſhare,
I care not what it coſt me; let our fam'd
Great Houſe *Pelops* tumble on my head,
So damn'd *Thyeſtes* periſh under me.

Pen. You'l make your ſelf as odious as he;
Almoſt as impious too.

Atr. I wou'd be more,
I wou'd do all that Villany to him,
That he can only wiſh were done to me,
I have no other way to prove my ſelf
His Elder Brother, and a lawful King.
For he of us that is the greateſt Fiend
Ought to be King of *Argos*, 'cauſe he gives
The greateſt proof of *Tantalus* his blood.
And I'le appear no Baſtard to the World.

Pen. What will your People ſay?

Atr. I'le make 'em ſay
What I command.

Pen. Falſhoods perhaps you may.
Atr. That is the great Prerogative of Power,
To tax the world for Praiſe as well as Coin;
I'le make 'em praiſe my actions good or bad.
Pen. Yes whilſt you live you may, but when you are dead
The world will curſe you to Eternity.
Atr. My Name will live then to Eternity.
Pen. So will your Soul, but loſt.
Atr. Let 'em but live,
No matter how.
Pen. Fear you not Men or Gods?
Atr. The Fear of Gods ne're came in *Pelops* Houſe.
Pen. Think you there are no Gods?
Atr. I find all things
So falſe, I'm ſure of nothing but of wrongs.
Pen. Then fear your injur'd Subjects, for the beams
Of Vertue breed the Golden Mines of Praiſe;
But Vice the Iron of Rebellion.
Atr. Let them fear that! oh! I am mad, I burn,
Furies with flaming brands are in my breaſt:
Their Snakes with their own poyſon almoſt burſt;
And every Vein o' mine contains a Snake.
Ho! there! bid *Mycenæ* get in Arms,
I will pour all my Kingdom upon *Greece*.
Pen. And who ſhall guard your Cities then?
Atr. The Furies.
They are their Temples, and belov'd abodes.
Pen. Oh! Sir!
Atr, Away! or I will ſpurn thee hence;
I am tranſported from my ſelf——arm!—arm!——
I'le do!——
Pen. What will you do?
Atr. I know not what,
Something that all the Gods ſhall tremble at. [*Ex.*
Pen. How miſerable a thing is a great man?
Take noyſie vexing greatneſs they that pleaſe;
Give me obſcure, and ſafe, and ſilent eaſe:
Acquaintaince and Commerce let me have none,
With any powerful thing, but time alone:
My reſt let time be fearful to offend,

And creep by me, as by a ſlumb'ring Friend;
Till with eaſe glutted, to my Grave I ſteal,
As men to ſleep after a plentious Meal.
Oh! wretched he! who call'd abroad by power,
To know himſelf can never find an hour.
Strange to himſelf, but to all others known,
Lends every one his Life, and uſes none,
So e're he taſted Life, to Death he goes,
And himſelf loſes, e're himſelf he knows. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE II.

Philiſthenes *and* Antigone *meet.*

SCENE *the Mouth of a Cave in a Grove.*

Ant. OH! my *Philiſthenes*, ſad news! ſad news!
My cruel Fathers Feaver of Revenge
Grows on him every hour, night brings him all
The reſtleſs ſhades of Hell, day all the Flames,
He's ever calling for thy Fathers Blood:
How greedily wou'd he drink thine more ſweet?
But do not fear; as ſoon as Night appears
Away we'll fly from this accurſed place,
Devoted by our Fathers to all ill:
By thine to Inceſt, and by mine to blood.
Phi. Oh! Gods! what dreadful miſeries muſt befall
Th' unhappy Off-ſpring of two ſuch bad men?
Ant. Our Innocence and Love will guard us ſafe:
I have prepar'd a Chariot for our flight
To the *Ægean* Sea, and there a Boat
Lies lock'd at Anchor, in a Creek ſo ſmall,
It ſeems a little Cloſet of the Sea,
Where Mayden Calms lye hid from Ruffian Winds:
The Creek appears a wrinkle made with age,
In a high Promontories bending brow.
The little Harbour is o're-look'd by all
But a poor humble Fiſherman, whoſe Hut

Is

Is all the Caſtle that commands the Port:
There needs no Porter where there is no Door.
Nothing they think can creep out o' that Chink.
The honeſt Fiſherman expects us both
E're Night be old; then let us fearleſs fly,
We cannot loſe our way, for we tranſport
Our Journeys end along with us, our ſelves.

Phi. What Beauty, and Love, do I to Miſery lead?
Oh! Love! I lead thee from thy Fathers rage
To a more cruel Tyrant, mercileſs want!
My Fathers ſins have preſs'd him down ſo low,
He ſtoops to eat the Charitable Bread
Of a poor aged Man, *Peneus* by Name.

Ant. I knew that man: oh! that's a good old man!

Phi. Where he conceals my Father, I know not;
He would not truſt the ſecret with my Youth,
For fear I ſhou'd be cheated by ill men;
But from my Father oft he Preſents brings,
Such as his miſerable Fortune yields:
Their chiefeſt value is my Fathers Love.
Now ſhall I ſteal thee from thy Fathers Court,
And cannot give thee for it a poor Cave?

Ant. I foreſaw this, and all my Jewels brought:
Thoſe with our Love will make a great Eſtate.

Phi. Oh! you kind Gods! which way have I deſerv'd
Such wondrous Love, from ſuch a wondrous Maid?

Ant. What have I done with 'em?——I have 'em not——
I have not loſt 'em ſure.
I left 'em in my Chamber, I did ill,
For I abhor to thruſt my head again
Within that curſed Houſe, which is a Sink
Where *Jove* throws all the ſcum of all ill ſtanes;
And Furies watch'd my abſence, I'm afraid,
To ſet my Jewels in ſome baleful Charm:
But I'le go fetch 'em; hide! oh! hide, my Dear!
Down to the darkeſt corner of the Vault.

Phi. Oh! let me ſee thee, as long as e're I can.

Ant. No, no, 'tis dangerous, down, down, my Love!
Oh! Cave, be faithful to thy precious truſt,
And all the youthful Lovers in the World,

With flowry Wreaths ſhall crown thy rocky brow,
Shall make a Temple of thee, and adore
Night's little Picture that adorns thy Walls,
Night Lover's Goddeſs, and Eternal Friend.
Farewell my Love.

Phi. Farewell my Dear!——my Eyes [*Ex.* Ant.
Are faſtned to her ſteps, and I muſt look
What-e're it coſt me.

Enter a Captain of the Guard with a Guard, and ſeize Phil.

Capt. And 'twill coſt thee dear.

Phi. Betray'd? ha! what are you?

Capt. King *Atreus* Guard.

Phi. Oh! I am loſt!

Capt. Indeed young man, thou art
So loſt, I pity thee; and wou'd it coſt
No life but mine, by Heaven, I'd ſet thee free.
But were it known, 'twou'd coſt a thouſand Lives;
My ſingle Life wou'd to the raging King
Be but like a little Pillar to the Sea;
Not ſtop the Waves, but make 'em foam the more,
And that 'twill be diſcover'd is as ſure
As there are Spies and Villains in a Court.

Phi. What have I done, the King ſhou'd ſeek my Life?

Capt. Thy Father ſinn'd both for himſelf and thee.

Phi. I from my Father receive no Eſtate,
'Tis hard I ſhou'd inherit all his Faults.

Capt. May the King uſe thee as thou doſt deſerve.

Phi. Since you have ſo much pity, I dare beg
For my Dear Love; (whom I muſt ſee no more!)
I know you over-heard our talk!

Capt. We did.

Phi. Oh! ſpare her Life; and do not tell the King
She loves unhappy me.

Capt. No, no, dear Youth,
For our own ſakes we'll hide it from the King:
Small truſt he'd put in us, if he ſhou'd find
His daughter falſe.

Phi. She is not falſe; but Fate

Deals

Deals ill with her, to caſt her Love on me.

Capt. Ah! cruel Chance, that brought me to this Cave,
To ruine this unhappy lovely pair.

Phi. Ah! poor *Antigone!* ah! wretched me!——

Ex. Phi. *with the Guard. At another Door enter* Antigone.

Ant. Methought complaining ſounds came from the Cave;
The ſounds of differing Voices were compos'd;
I'm in a horrid Agony with fear!
I cannot ſtay, yet forward dare not go.
Forward I muſt; how deadly cold I am,
As if death ſtood between the Cave and me?
If I meet not my Love, I ſhall with Death:
He is not in the Cave; where is he wander'd?——
My Love! *Philiſthenes*—— my Love, my Love!
Where art thou hid? Come hither, I am here,
Antigone is here! ——my Love——my Love.
Oh! nothing anſwers, he is ſeiz'd!—he's loſt! ——

She falls in a Swoun. Enter Peneus.

Pen. Ha! what is ſhe, that ſleeps in open Air?
Indeed the place is far from any path,
But what Conducts to melancholly thoughts;
But thoſe are beaten Roads about this Court.
Her Habit calls her, noble *Grecian* Maid;
But her ſleep ſays ſhe is a Stranger here.
All Birds of Night build in this Court, but Sleep;
And ſleep is here made wild with loud Complaints,
And flies away from all; I wonder how
This Maid has brought it to her lure ſo tame.

Ant. Oh! my *Philiſthenes*!

Pen. She wakes to moan;
Ay! that's the proper Language of this place!

Ant. My Dear! my poor *Philiſthenes* is ſeiz'd!
I know 'tis ſo! oh! Horrour! Death! Hell!——oh!

Pen. I know her now, 'tis fair *Antigone*!
The Daughter and the Darling of the King,
This is the Lot of all this Family.

Beau-

Beautious *Antigone*! thou know'ſt me well;
I am old *Peneus*, one who threeſcore years
Has lov'd and ſerv'd thy wretched Family,
Impart thy ſorrows to me, I perhaps
In my wide Circle of Experience,
May find ſome Counſel that may do me good.

Ant. Oh! good old man! how long have you been here?

Pen. I came but now.

Ant. Oh! did you ſee this way
Poor young *Philiſthenes*? you know him well.

Pen. Thy Uncles Son? *Thyeſtes* eldeſt Son?

Ant. The ſame! the ſame!

Pen. No, all the Gods forbid
I ſhou'd meet him ſo near thy Fathers Court.

Ant. Oh! he was here, one curſed minute paſt.

Pen. What brought him hither? ——

Ant. Love to wretched me.
Our warring Fathers never ventur'd more —— !
For bitter hate, than we for innocent Love.
Here, but a minute paſt, the dear youth lay;
Here in this brambly Cave lay in my Arms;
And now he's ſeiz'd! oh! miſerable me! [*She tears her Hair.*

Pen. Why doſt thou rend that Beautious Ornament?
In what has it offended? hold thy hands.

Ant. Oh! Father! go and plead for the poor Youth!
No one dares ſpeak to the fierce King but you.

Pen. And no one near ſpeaks more in vain than I;
He ſpurns me from his preſence like a Dog.

Ant. Oh! then——

Pen. She Faints! She Swouns!—I frightned her!——
Oh! I ſpoke indiſcreetly!—Daughter! Child!
Antigone! I'le go!—indeed—I'le go!——

Ant. There is no help for me in Heaven or Earth.

Pen. There is, there is, deſpair not ſorrowful Maid,
All will be well—I'm going to the King,
And will with powerful reaſons bind his hands;
And ſomething in me ſays I ſhall prevail;
But to whoſe care ſhall I leave thee mean while?
For, oh! I dare not truſt thee to thy grief.

Ant. I'le be diſpos'd of, Father, as you pleaſe,

Till

Till I receive the bleſt or dreadful doom.
Pen. Then come, dear Daughter, lean upon my arm,
Which old and weak is ſtronger yet than thine,
Thy Youth has known more ſorrow than my age.
I never hear of grief, but when I'm here:
But one days diet here of Sighs and Tears,
Returns me elder home by many years. [*Ex.* Pen. Ant.

SCENE *the Court.*

Enter Atreus, *Captain of the Guard.*

Atr. Thyeſtes eldeſt Son fallen in my Hands?
I find the Gods are tyr'd with holding up
The ponderous Villain, long above my Sword,
And mean to let him fall, in the mean while
They fling his Race like Vipers from their hands.
Bring in the Youth—

Enter Guard with Philiſthenes.

How now Boy? what Affair?
What vaſt Affair, in value worth a Life,
Made thee adventure to this dangerous place?
Phi. Love to my native ſoyl; I came to ſee
The Court and Kingdom of my Anceſtors;
And this great Palace where I had my birth:
For I was told King *Atreus* was ſo good,
He pardon'd and forgot his Brothers faults?
Atr. How bold and ready art thou in a lye?
Who cou'd inform thee I had pardon'd faults
Which cannot be forgiven by Men or Gods?
To what ſtrange thing didſt thou believe me turn'd
To a tame Beaſt? no Beaſt but loves Revenge:
To a mild God? He cannot be a God
That wants Revenge. 'Tis a Gods chief delight,
They mark it for their own: what then, a Tree?
Alas! why did not thy good Father come
And whore my Wife under my Bawdy Shade?
So dumb a Husband need not have been fear'd,

Nor

Nor such a piece of Lumber of a King
And thou didst come to cut me down, in hopes
My Subjects were as weary of my Life,
As thy lewd horrid Father has made me.
Phi. I scorn an act so Villanous and base.
Atr. What crowd is this assembled in my Breast?
My Soul's a Theatre with Furies fill'd. [*Aside.*
The Ghastly throng fling all their eager looks
Upon a Table spread with mangled Limbs,
And smoking bowls ore-gorg'd with reeking blood;
Their Eyes grow larger with the pleasing sight;
And the deluded Guest, who eats his Son,
Stamps all their Cheeks with a malicious smile.
The Vision takes! the Story's great and brave,
I'le give it my Revenge to Copy out.
Now with my Daughter I'le entice this Youth
To cheat his Father with a proffer'd Crown.
To meet a Crown, he'd rush on thundring *Jove*,
Plunge in the Sea when Winds and Billows fight,
Or on deep quicksands, that wou'd swallow hills;
Nay, worse than all these joyn'd,——he wou'd meet me——
Yes, and he shall——(*Aside.*) *Philisthenes*, bold Youth;
Something in thee has made Friends in my heart,
Who by plain force have master'd my Revenge,
After a long and fierce and dubious fight,
And make it bow to offer thee thy Life.
What sayst thou, Youth? hast thou a mind to live?
Phi. Let Nature answer for me.
Atr. But to live
On the ill terms of being Friends to me?
Phi. What God puts those good thoughts into your Soul?
Atr. Thy own desert; I love thee, noble Youth.
Phi. Oh! I am overwhelm'd?
[*weeps and falls at the Kings Feet.*
Atr. The sweet Youth weeps,
And prostrates at my Feet; this must not be:
Rise, rise, my own best blood, my own best self,
The Hope and Pillar of our falling House:
What wilt thou disobey my first command?
Phi. Which of the best of Gods have done this good?

Atr.

Atr. Come to me, near my Heart, within my Heart.
As ſoon as ever I beheld thy Eyes,
Something flew from 'em, like a Charming God,
And bid the Furies leave my troubled Breaſt;
They ſtrugled hard, but now they are all gone;
And now my heart is free for all my Friends.
Oh! that I had thy Father in my Arms;
In what perfection wou'd be my full joy?
Phi. And can you be ſo excellent to forgive
My Father too?
Atr. Ay! ſooner than my ſelf.
My barb'rous Rage I never ſhall forgive.
Phi. How good are you? For you had been moſt kind,
When you moſt heavily was wrong'd.
Atr. No more;
Dear Youth, let all thy Fathers Errors dye;
My mortal ſpite ſhall only be at them,
And his too laſting hatred. Wou'd I knew
Where my poor wandring exil'd Brother rov'd,
That I might ſend, or rather go my ſelf
To Court him to my Arms, and to a Crown,
To be my Friend, and be my King, his turn.
Phi. And do you mean it, Sir?
Atr. That is unkind!
Doſt thou ſuſpect my Truth?
Phi. I do not, Sir;
But I am ſo tranſported with my Joy,
I know not what I think, or what I ſay.
Atr. Then know'ſt thou where thy Father is, dear Youth?
Phi. I do not, Sir; but good old *Peneus* does.
Atr. Does he indeed?
Phi. Yes, my poor Father, Sir,
Has all his bread from him.
Atr. Oh! falſe old Rogue!—— [*Aſide.*
Alas! poor Brother, art thou fall'n ſo low,
To live upon old Servants broken Meat?
But, good old *Peneus*, thou giv'ſt what thou haſt,
By all the Gods thou ſhalt have thy reward.
See, here he comes! come hither pious man.

Enter Peneus.

Pen. What means this change?—— [*Aside.*
Atr. I am to give thee thanks
For my own innocence, my Brothers Life;
It ſeems, 'tis thou, that hid him from my Rage,
And given him Bread, and ſtarv'd my fierce revenge.
Pen. Who told you this?
Atr. Nay, be not ſtartled, Man;
No other hurt is meant thee, than my Love;
But I'm ſo bad a Man, men ſhun my Love,
And think the Gods curſe all whom I embrace.
Pen. I'm ſure you once were good, but potent wrongs
To flaming vengeance grappled you ſo faſt,
I thought no Art or Strength cou'd ſet you free.
Atr. A thouſand things conſpir'd thy ſtrong advice:
The tempting ſight of this moſt noble Youth;
And laſt my Nature tyr'd with ſtanding bent
Always to ill, bowed down by force of wrongs,
Starts up for eaſe, to its own poſture, Love;
Love of my Bother, this dear Youth his Son;
And of my Sov'reign happineſs, my Wife:
What think you, Sirs, did I not love my Wife?
Pen. Your paſſion for her hatred ſhew'd your Love;
Though ſome believe ſhe's wrong'd as much as you.
Atr. Faulty or not, ſo powerful was my Love,
My wounded dying Love, had greater ſtrength
Than all my rage in its moſt vigorous Youth,
And held me from her Life, that ſtill ſhe lives.
'Tis true, in heavy ſorrow, ſo ſhe ought
If ſhe offended, as I fear ſhe has,
Her hardſhips though ſhe owes to her own choice.
I've often offer'd her my uſeleſs Couch;
For what is it to me? I never ſleep.
But for her Bed, ſhe chuſes the hard floor.
My Table is ſpread for her; I never eat:
And ſhe'll take nothing but what feeds her grief.
Hair-cloth and Chains ſhe wears, but by that means

She makes me wear 'em, 'cauſe I feel her pains.
Phi. Oh! how Report has wrong'd this excellent King?
Atr. But now I've hopes to ſee my Brother's Face:
My ſpacious Arms extend to Heaven and Hell;
And I've the choice of both, which is ſoon made.
Oh! *Peneus*! bring my Brother to my Arms,
And greater joy ſhall lift the down-caſt head
Of *Pelop*'s Houſe, than ever it beheld.
I'le give my Daughter to my Brother's Son,
And then our joys are faſtned at the root.
Phi. I ſhall run mad with Joy.——— [*Aſide.*
Pen. Is not this Art? [*Aſide.*
Methinks on this ſo fine Carv'd Pedeſtal,
An Image with two Faces I diſcern.
Atr. Dear *Peneus*, haſten on thy Embaſſy.
Pen. An Embaſſy that's worthy of a God;
And wou'd I were a God, that I might find
The wandring Prince, and finiſh this bleſt work.
Atr. Know'ſt thou not where he is then?
Phi. Oh! yes, Sir!
Ah! *Peneus*, why do you diſtruſt the King?
Pen. Ah! poor deluded Youth——— [*Aſide.*
Atr. He fears I'm falſe;
I blame him not, for I am a bad man:
I deſerve all the wrongs I have indur'd;
All I deſire is leave to pardon wrongs.
Phi. Oh! Father of my Father, thou whoſe great
And pious Charity preſerv'd his Life,
Do not deſtroy us all by needleſs doubts.
Pen. Gods! guide me in this doubtful Labyrinth. [*Aſide.*
Let me not be miſguided by vain doubt,
To be the death of ſeeming new-born joy:
But if the King diſſembles, (oh good Gods!)
Let not my age, and this unknowing Youth,
Be worſe miſguided both, to be the death
Of his dear Father he, I of my Friend.
Atr. The wary wiſe old man diſtruſts me ſtill.
Oh! Brother, thou haſt Friends, but I have none.
Pen. Yes, I am, Sir, your Friend, as much as his:
But more to Faith and Honeſty than both.

Atr. Well, I will put my Kingdom in thy hands.
Behind the Palace, in a ſacred Field,
Secur'd by twenty Walls, and watch'd by Guards,
Reſts all the Fortune of our Royal Houſe.
A ſhining Ram whoſe yellow Fleece is Gold;
The Sands of *Tagus* are not half ſo rich;
Whoever has poſſeſſion of this Beaſt,
Has all the Fortune of our Houſe in pawn;
An Hoſtage all our Gods cannot redeem,
They are in perfect Friendſhip with that Prince
To whom they ſend this Wealthy Miniſter;
Pen. By long Experience, Sir, I know all this.
Atr. Ho! there! go catch and bind the Sacred Ram.

A Field diſcover'd; a Golden Ram ſeen in the Head of a Flock of Sheep; a Guard round the Field; they bring the Ram to the King.

Peneus, this preſent to my Brother bear,
As a rich Pledge of my Eternal Love.
Give it to him, on no Condition,
But that he come and take his turn to Reign.
Phi. Oh! good Gods!
Atr. Still doſt thou harbour doubt?
Pen. Whether I Dream or no.
Phi. Oh! on my knees,
I beg with Tears ſuſpect the King no more;
I've had no joy in all my Youth till now,
And now good Fortune, like a Noon-day Sun,
Breaks out upon me, if with Cloudy doubts
You darken all again, I ſhall run mad.
Atr. I'le ſay no more; be witneſſes ye Gods,
If never Joy come more under this Roof,
If it be any, any fault of mine.
Phi. Sir, I will bear you witneſs the ſhort while
My poor life laſts; which lies in *Peneus*'s hands.
If he will ſtill keep up this wall of doubt
'Tween joy and me; I'm at my Journeys end.
Reſolve me, *Peneus*, will you let me dye?
Pen. No: but I quickly ſhall, my feeble age

Can never climb up this high hill of joy,
But I ſhall faint before I reach the top;
Howe're I'le go as far as e're I can:
I'le ſend, for bring is too much joy for me
(Moſt excellent King) your Brother to your Arms.
But I go hence ſo ſurfeited with joy
I ſhall not live to ſee you any more.

Atr. Oh! ſtay, thou richeſt bleſſing of our Houſe;
The dear *Philiſthenes* ſhall go alone.

Pen. He is to his Father wonderfully dear;
But he is young, his Father may diſtruſt
The weakneſs of his ſoft and eaſie youth.
My wary faithful age he will not doubt;
That I muſt go my ſelf; farewell, good King.

Atr. Farewell, thou pious, ſacred, bleſt old man.
Farewell ſweet Youth, henceforwards my dear Son.

Phi. Sir, I wou'd call you,——cou'd I ſpeak for Tears,
Father,———and giver of my beſt new life.

Atr. My Dear *Antigone* ſhall know thy Love;
I'le tell ſuch Stories of thee, thou ſhalt find
At thy return her Love exceeding thine.

Phi. Peneus thy hand! I am ſo ſtun'd with joy,
I cannot ſee my way.

Atr. My Chariot there!
And Guards attend 'em———Farewell to you both,

[*Ex.* Pen. Phi.

I think I've counterfeited rarely well.
He who wou'd rule ſo damn'd a World as this,
Where ſo many diſſembling Villains dwell,
Muſt cheat the Devil, and out-diſſemble Hell. [*Ex.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE III.

Enter Antigone, *attended by two Women.*

SCENE *the out-Gates of a Prison.*

Ant. I'M torn! I'm torn! by Sorrow, Rage, Deſpair!
No Tydings yet of my *Philiſthenes*?
I dare not, dare not ask, leſt on my head
I pull the Thunder of ſome dreadful news.
Like a low Vale between two raging Seas,
Of Fear and Hope, I lye, and hourly expect
A deluge of delight, or of deſpair.
But oh! the Seas rowl faſteſt from deſpair:
For I like not this new and ſtrange Command
Sent from my Father, to come viſit here,
In her ſad priſon, the afflicted Queen.
(For if ſhe ſinn'd as ſome believe, I have
To call her Mother) but of late ſhe was
A hated, out-caſt, and forbidden thing.
My Father wou'd not ſuffer to come near
This doleful dwelling, any thing he lov'd.
Then he has heard our Love, and is enrag'd;
If ſo, my dear *Philiſthenes* is dead,
And with my Mother I'm condemn'd to dye.
It muſt be ſo! I grow exceeding ill.

1. *Wom.* Oh! help! the Princeſs! help! ſhe faints away.

Ant. No matter what I do——let me alone!——
Oh! my *Philiſthenes*! 'twill not be long
E're I be with thee!——Call the men that Guard
The Queen, my wretched Mother.

1. *Wom.* Ho! within!

Enter a Keeper.

Keep. Who calls?

1. *Wom.* Come to the Princeſs.

Keep. What's her will?

Ant.

Ant. Know you this Signet?
Keep. Yes, it is the Kings.
Ant. I muſt have entrance here.
Keep. Madam, you ſhall.
Ant. Let the Queen know that by the Kings command
I come to wait on her.
Keep. I'le tell the Queen. [*Ex.*
Ant. Now Gods prepare me for th' afflicting ſight.
For if report be true, the alter'd Queen
Is the moſt doleful Object in the World.

The Scene is drawn, the Queen in Hair-cloth, Chains at her Legs, ſhe lies on the ground, a Lamp burning by her.

Qu. My Daughter ſee me by the Kings command?
What does he mean? No good to us, I fear?
Ant. Is that the Queen? Is that my Mother? oh!
Qu. My Daughter there? *Antigone*! my Child!
[*Riſes and Embraces her.*
Ant. Ah! Mother!
Qu. Daughter!
Ant. O! my Tears! my Tears!
I cannot ſpeak!
Qu. Weep in my Boſom Child,
And let thy poor ſad Mother weep in thine.
Come reſt thy ſelf, my Daughter, ſit thee down
On the hard Floor, thy Mothers only Bed;
And hear the mournfull'ſt Story in the World.
Ant. Oh! Mother! Mother!
Qu. Oh! my lov'd, my dear,
My precious Comfort, dearer than my Life.
My Life! What is my miſerable Life?
Dear as my Life was in my happy ſtate.
And happy! oh! too happy once I was;
My Maſſy happineſs tyr'd out my Fate,
It cou'd not carry it to my lives end.
Never did Woman love a Man more dear
Than I once did, and ſtill do love the King;
Be witneſs all the Gods to what I ſay,
And ne're was Woman more belov'd by man

Than

Than I was by the King,——until——oh! Child,
I cannot ſpeak how ſadly I have been wrong'd.
Ant. Oh! my Dear Mother! I believe you indeed,
All the Gods know I ne're thought otherwiſe.
Qu. Theſtes! (oh! Hell is in that Name,)
Me his own Brother's Wife, his dear lov'd Wife,
Me whom his Brother truſted to his Care,
Bruitiſhly forc'd——
Ant. Oh! horrid!
Qu. And then ſought
To get, by fraud, the Sacred Golden Fleece,
The Monument and Inſtrument of Fate,
To gain the Kingdom to ſecure his Sin,
And retain me a Priſ'ner for his Luſt.
Ant. All this I've heard, and ever did believe;
But no kind God wou'd e're conveigh this Faith
Into my Fathers Soul.
Qu. Oh! no, my Child;
Then think, oh! think, what are thy Mothers wrongs;
And what her diſmal alter'd ſad Eſtate.
Ant. Oh! Gods! was ever any thing ſo ſad?
Qu. Oh! I have know the time, I'd not have let
Such dirty Earth as this come near my Feet,
Which now is all the Lodging that I have:
I wou'd not once have vext my curious Eye
With ſeeing ſuch a Garment as I wear,
Nor ſuffer'd to have come into my ſight
So vile a Creature as my ſelf appears.
Ant. No more, no more, dear Mother.
Qu. O! my Child,
Theſe outward pains are pleaſures, when compar'd
With what I feel within me; for the loſs
Of all my honour and my Husbands Love.
The Heavens are not ſo ſpotleſs as my Soul,
Nor Gods ſo fond of Heaven as I of him;
Yet am I thought a Strumpet, nay a lew'd
Inceſtuous monſtrous Strumpet!——Furies——Hell——
Stand from me, Child, for I ſhall do thee hurt;
My Wits are going; when I think of this
They always leave me——ſtand away dear Child.

Who

Who ſays I am a Strumpet? is it thou?
Lyar! 'tis well I have thee in my Arms,
I'le throw thee piece-meal to the Furies——thus!
[*Tears her ſelf.* Ant. *holds her Hands.*
Ant. Oh! Mother! Mother! 'tis your ſelf you rend.
Qu. How now, contend with me? This is a Whore.
Ant. Help, the Queen's mad!——
Qu. Ay! help me from a Whore
That comes to get my Husband from my Arms:
Oh! this is right the Picture of the Age,
A ſhining Strumpet, and a tatter'd Wife.
Indeed! and am I thus abus'd for thee?
Some Water there! I'm burnt out o' my Bed,
My Husbands Arms, by a hot flaming whore.
Ant. Oh! Mother! Mother! I'm *Antigone*
Your Daughter! oh! the Queen will kill me! help!
Qu. The Fire goes out! alloo! the aſhes flye!
[*Pulls ſome looſe Ornaments from* Ant.
So, now in the King's arms I will go ſleep. [*Falls.*
Ant. Help! help the Queen! what are there none in call?
Ha! her Heart ſtrongly beats, breath comes and goes
Upon Lifes errant, with no little force.
Then all is well I hope! ſhe ſweetly ſleeps.
Her raving Spirit's in a wild uproar,
Thruſt her in tumults to the Vaults of ſleep,
Then ſhut the door with violence upon her.
Sleep on, dear Mother, heal thy wounded mind
With theſe ſweet balmy ſlumbers; though, alas,
'Tis only heal'd for new and deeper wounds.
Oh! were there ever two ſo innocent;
And yet ſo miſerable as weare?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Where is the Queen?
Ant. Peace, peace, ſhe's fallen aſleep.
Keep. The King is coming here to viſit her.
Ant. The King?
Keep. The King.
Ant. See in her Sleep ſhe ſmiles,

Than I was by the King,——until——oh! Child,
I cannot ſpeak how ſadly I have been wrong'd.
Ant. Oh! my Dear Mother! I believe you indeed,
All the Gods know I ne're thought otherwiſe.
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[*Tears her self.* Ant. *holds her Hands.*
Ant. Oh! Mother! Mother! 'tis your self you rend.
Qu. How now, contend with me? This is a Whore.
Ant. Help, the Queen's mad!——
Qu. Ay! help me from a Whore
That comes to get my Husband from my Arms:
Oh! this is right the Picture of the Age,
A shining Strumpet, and a tatter'd Wife.
Indeed! and am I thus abus'd for thee?
Some Water there! I'm burnt out o' my Bed,
My Husbands Arms, by a hot flaming whore.
Ant. Oh! Mother! Mother! I'm *Antigone*
Your Daughter! oh! the Queen will kill me! help!
Qu. The Fire goes out! alloo! the ashes flye!
[*Pulls some loose Ornaments from* Ant.
So, now in the King's arms I will go sleep. [*Falls.*
Ant. Help! help the Queen! what are there none in call?
Ha! her Heart strongly beats, breath comes and goes
Upon Lifes errant, with no little force.
Then all is well I hope! she sweetly sleeps.
Her raving Spirit's in a wild uproar,
Thrust her in tumults to the Vaults of sleep,
Then shut the door with violence upon her.
Sleep on, dear Mother, heal thy wounded mind
With these sweet balmy slumbers; though, alas,
'Tis only heal'd for new and deeper wounds.
Oh! were there ever two so innocent;
And yet so miserable as we are?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Where is the Queen?
Ant. Peace, peace, she's fallen asleep.
Keep. The King is coming here to visit her.
Ant. The King?
Keep. The King.
Ant. See in her Sleep she smiles,

Her Spirits rebound at mentioning a Name
That has ſuch ſweet agreement with her Soul;
As ſtrings when tun'd alike, if one be touch'd
The other leaps; and now ſhe ſtarts, as if
She fain wou'd break through all the Gates of Sleep,
To meet the Voice that bears the pleaſing ſound;
And now ſhe wakes. ——!

Qu. Oh! I have had a ſweet
Reviving ſlumber; not theſe many months
Have I been ſo refreſh'd. *Antigone!*
Now I perceive whence I had all my reſt,
From the delight my Soul did take in thee.
But, oh! my Child! was I not very ill
Before I ſlept? did I no hurt at all?

Ant. Yes to your ſelf I fear.

Qu. If that be all,
It is no matter; 'tis as it ſhou'd be,
I am the Center of all Miſeries.
What wander from me, leave their proper courſe.

Enter Women with a rich Robe, and other Attires.

Wom. Madam, the King——

Qu. The King, ha! what of him?

Wom. Sends you theſe Robes, and begs you wou'd be pleas'd
With theſe to hide your miſery from his ſight,
And let the wondrous joy he means to take
In ſeeing you, be pure from any grief.

Qu. Will he ſee me? and can the ſight of me
Be joy to him? Why does he tell me this?
He does not well to make the miſeries
Of his poor ruin'd, injur'd Wife, his ſport;
I love him dearly, (witneſs all ye Gods)
In ſpite of all my ſufferings and wrongs.

Ant. Oh! Mother! Mother! ſudden beams of hope
Shine out upon me; oh! there is a change!

Wom. Madam, upon our lives we tell you truth,
The ſtorm'd-toſs'd King is on the ſudden calm,
We know not what ſhou'd charm the billows down,
Except the good old *Penus*.

Ant. Oh! no doubt,
It was the Wisdom of that wond'rous man.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. The King is near.
Qu. Fling the Robe loosely o're;
I never yet dissembled with the King;
Nor hid from him was ever yet my heart:
The wretch I am, let his own Eyes behold,
I ne're deserv'd to be thus cast away.

Enter Atreus *attended: The Queen kneels.*

Atr. Kneeling? this must not be!——Rise, Madam, rise.
Qu. I do not kneel, Sir, as a Criminal,
But as an innocent poor Woman, thrown
By grievous wrongs into a state unfit
For you to see; I fall upon the Earth
To hide my self, and save your generous heart
From the affliction it must bear to see
My woful change, whether deserv'd or not.
Atr. Kneeling's a state I cannot bear to see.
Qu. You may be, Sir, assur'd I'le quit it then. [*Chairs brought.*
Atr. Now seat your self——Madam, I think you'l own
I lov'd you well.
Qu. I were ungrateful else:
And I lov'd you as dearly the Gods know,
And I have ever been your faithful Wife,
And ne're deserv'd to lose that glorious Name.
Atr. Well, Madam, I will shew I love you still,
If you have wrong'd me, be it to your self.
The Gods forgive you freely, as I do:
If not, Gods bring your innocence to light.
Qu. Oh! Gods! good Gods! grant! grant! so good a prayer.
Atr. However, Madam, whatsoe're you be,
All things are so forgot, as if the Gods
Had made a Queen o' purpose for my Love,
And you were newly come out of their hands,
Just when they finish'd you, and said 'tis well,
We cannot add one beauty to our work;

So I receive you to my arms and heart.

Qu. Oh! this is too much joy for me to bear,
You build new Palaces on broken Walls.

Atr. Madam, Eternal Gates are lock'd and bar'd
On all past deeds, ne're to be open'd more,
By this new happy meeting of our Lips,
Which have been Strangers now these many Months;
You are as dear to me, as when you came
A fond young beautious Virgin to my Arms.

Qu. How bounteous are the Gods in the Rewards
Of suffering Innocence?

Atr. Oh! my dear Queen!
Never admit past sufferings in thy thoughts,
I'le have this joyful day without one Cloud.
And joy shall shine through all my Family:
Even my Brother shall not want his share.

Qu. Your Brother!

Atr. Yes, I can forgive, even him;
Nay, have invited him home to my Court,
Both to receive my Pardon and my Love.

Qu. Invite that wicked man home to your Court!

Atr. You do not know how dearly once we lov'd.

Qu. Nor you believe how much he injur'd me.

Atr. I know his violent desires by mine;
We were so one, one Fire must burn us both,
And where Fire comes all things asunder fall;
Our Union ruin'd us, but I'le build
Our Friendship more magnificent than ever.

Qu. Then will my Life as wretched be as ever;
The sight of him will like a Winter Cloud,
Darken and Freeze the Joy I have in you.

Atr. I send not home for him, who did you wrong,
But him whose penitence has done you right,
Wicked *Thyestes* you shall ne're see more,
But new *Thyestes* so to goodness chang'd,
You will know nothing of him but his Name.
Oppose not then what all the Gods design,
These breaches threaten ruine to our House;
But the good Gods design our House shall stand.
Did you ne're see a weather-beaten Wall

Breed up young Ivy to ſupport its age?
By Heavenly care from us bad men is ſprung
An excellent Race, to bind our Friendſhip cloſe,
And ſtop up all the breaches in our Houſe.
The Gods ne're made a more accompliſh'd Youth,
Than his ſweet Eldeſt Son, *Philiſthenes*.
Ant. Oh! Gods!
Atr. And I have ſworn to marry him
To my beloved Child, *Antigone*.
Ant. With all the pleaſing wonder mixt with dread, [*Aſide.*
A crowd behold a ſhining God deſcend,
Have I been looking for this glorious news,
'Tis lighted on me, and I'm overwhelm'd.
Atr. Child, you have ſeen your noble Kinſman oft,
What think you of him? Cou'd you love him? ſpeak.
Ant. My thoughts are always in your keeping, Sir.
Atr. Well anſwer'd, Daughter: Love your Kinſman then,
Give him your Heart; but give him not ſuch hold,
But you may take it back, if ill ſhou'd chance,
And ill may happen; I have ſent the Youth
With good old *Peneus*, to invite to Court
My exil'd Brother; if he ſhou'd not come,
I ſhou'd relapſe into my grief again.
The Noble Youth, at parting, left with me
A wealthy Token for you, his dear Love:
But you ſhall take no Preſents from the Son;
Unleſs the Father firſt accept of mine:
Which for my Comfort beg of Heaven he may.
Ant. Oh! how devoutly will I make that Prayer?
Qu. Oh! wondrous goodneſs!
Atr. Now my deareſt Wife,
And my *Antigone*, embrace me both.
Qu. Oh! Sir!
Ant. Oh! Father!——
Atr. Oh! my perfect joy,
Come let our new-born pleaſures breath ſweet air;
This Room's too vile a Cabinet for Gold.
Then leave, for ever, Love, this doleful place,
And leave behind thee all thy ſorrows here,
And dreſs thy ſelf as this great day requires;

'Twill

'Twill be thy Daughters Nuptials, and I dreamt
The Sun himself wou'd be asham'd to come
And be a Guest in his old tarnish'd Robe,
But leave my Court t'enlighten all the Globe. [Ex.

Enter Thyestes.

SCENE *a Cave in a Desart.*

Thy. Astonishment! Confusion! how came I
To be the horrid Villain that I was?
I had it not from Nature, if I had,
Why did it not break out in many years:
How cou'd I carry such a load of sin
And feel no pain? Did Custom dull my sence?
No, for as soon as e're my greedy Eyes,
Numbring the Treasures of my Brothers Bed,
Had stoln more Appetite than I cou'd appease,
I bowed beneath the weight, and cou'd not rest
Till I had laid it on his Bed again.
Perhaps I felt no sin, because I liv'd
In th' Element of sin, my Brother's Court,
Things in their Element lose all their weight;
Water in water feels as light as Air.
No, 'twas not that; I was the first that brought
Incest and Treason to my Brother's Court.
From my own self came all my Villany;
Had I not been a Dunghill, Beauty might
Have shin'd as wholesomely on me, as others.
I loath, detest my self, and flye mankind,
Counting the worst of men too good for me.
Hearke! I hear voices!——nay, and I see men;
They're very near me too, I'le hide my head.

Thy. goes into a Cave. *Enter* Pen. us *and* Philisthenes.

Pen. Here dwells your Father.
Phi. In this Wilderness?
Pen. Here in this Cave.
Phi. Ah! lonely, poor abode.

Pen.

Pen. 'Tis his own choice: I proffer'd him my Houſe,
Where I had Rooms to hide, and ways to fly,
In caſe of danger; but he rather choſe
This melancholly Deſart, and this Cave.
I'le call him out to you. *Thyeſtes!* ho!
Ho! Prince *Thyeſtes!* know you not the Voice
Of your old faithful *Peneus?*

Enter Thyeſtes.

Thy. *Peneus* here?
Phi. Is that my Father? oh! how ſadly chang'd?
Thy. Who haſt thou here, old Friend?
Phi. One you may truſt,
Half your own ſelf, your Son *Philiſthenes.*
Thy. My Son?
Phi. My Father——
Thy. Welcome to my arms,
My Hope, my Comfort!——Time has rowld about
Several Months ſince I have ſeen thy Face,
And in its progreſs has done wond'rous things.
Phi. Strange things indeed, to chaſe you to this ſad
Diſmal abode, nay, and to Age I think.
I ſee that Winter thruſting it ſelf forth,
Long, long, before its time, in Silver Hairs.
Thy. My fault, my Son, I wou'd be great and high;
Snow lies in Summer on ſome Mountain tops.
Ah! Son, I'm ſorry for thy noble Youth,
Thou haſt ſo bad a Father; I'm afraid
Fortune will quarrel with thee for my ſake,
Thou wilt derive unhappineſs from me,
Like an hereditary ill diſeaſe.
Phi. Sir, I was born when you were innocent,
And all the ill you have contracted ſince,
You have wrought out by painful penitence.
For healthy joy returns to us again.
Nay, a more vigorous joy than e're we had.
Like one recover'd from a ſad deſeaſe,
Nature for dammage pays him double coſt,
And gives him fairer fleſh than e're he had.

For

For a spoil'd Cottage, she bestows a Brief
On all her works, that doubles what he lost.

Pen. Your Son *Philisthenes*, has told you truth:
The King your Brother, by what God transform'd
I cannot tell, is turn'd an excellent man.
He has no memory of all Errours past,
Except his own; the chief of which he counts
His too immoderate passion for revenge.

Thy. And can this be?

Pen. Will I not tell you truth?

Thy. By thy own goodness, art thou not deceiv'd?
Thou dwell'st in open truth, and when thou com'st
Among dark men, thou knowst not what they are.

Pen. Oh! Sir, my reason is not dim with age,
What-e're my Eyes are; time which steals our sight,
Is for the Thievery by Nature fin'd,
To make us recompence in inward light.
Know, Sir, I did not lend your Brother Faith,
Without a Pawn, as wealthy as his Crown;
The Golden Ram, let this prevail, not I.

Thy. I stand amaz'd, for what wou'd this prevail?

Pen. To make you glorious in your Brothers Throne,
Your Brother happy in the sight of You.

Phi. And me in the possession of my Love:
I love his Daughter, fair *Antigone*,
And he has sworn to place her in my Arms,
When-ever to his Arms I can bring you.

Thy. This is too much; a man that wou'd revive
His famish'd Friend, wou'd never cram him thus:
He choaks my Faith with gorging it too fast,
And surfeits sickly Friendship with a Feast.

Pen. Can you suspect, when you have such a pledge?

Thy. If the King be so good, 'twere a new Treason
To blast him with my sight.

Pen. Your penitence
Restores intirely all your innocence,
And now your presence wou'd restore your Joys.

Thy. Things are miscall'd, I ne're was blest till now:
When I was great, I had not one delight:
Who needs a Taster has small joy in taste:

Who

Who needs a Guard for ſafety, ne're are ſafe;
And who needs watching, has but little reſt.
What ſolitude ſo bad, as throngs of Knaves?
What dwelling ſo uneaſie as is his,
Who in a thouſand Rooms can take no reſt,
Till his proud Palace has beat back a Sea,
And lifted up a Forreſt on its brow?
Say Poyſon come not in a Princes Cup,
Care will, and that's as bad; ſay Care ſhou'd not,
Intemperance may, which is as bad as both;
A lingring Poyſon that conſumes our time,
Our Nights in drunkenneſs, our Days in ſleep.
Say he ne're ſee the bloody face of War,
A thouſand Diſhes are a dangerous Camp,
Where very often men have met with Death,
Among thoſe fair pretended Friends of Life;
Nor is his reſt the more for ſilent peace,
In Calms of peace, when all without is ſtill,
Factions within will make a Kingdom rowl.

Pen. No doubt theſe Evils, and a thouſand more,
Attend on Royal greatneſs; but what then?
Will you adventure nothing for your Friends?

Phi. Oh! Father! humbly on my knees I beg,
Go to the King, if for my ſake alone.

Thy. For thy dear ſake alone I fear to go,
I fear to make thee guilty of my blood.

Pen. What reaſon have you to diſtruſt the King?

Thy. He has had heavy wrongs, and no revenge.

Pen. Is Poverty and Exile no revenge?
Shame and Repentance is revenge enough
To a good man.

Thy. It cannot be denyed.

Pen. Can you not ſay he once was a good man?

Thy. The beſt of Kings, and Brothers?

Pen. Did he e're
Shew any hate to you, till you wrong'd him?

Thy. Oh! never! never!

Pen. Did he then requite
Your hate ſo ill, as you return'd his love?

Thy. Oh! no!

Pen. Why judge you then of him so ill?
Since you cou'd make him turn from good to ill,
May not the Gods turn him from ill to good?
Thy. It cannot be deny'd.
Pen. Are you not turn'd?
Wou'd you fain act o're all your Crimes again?
Thy. I'd rather dye?
Pen. Do you excell him so,
That goodness shall be reconcil'd to you
On easie terms, but on no terms with him?
Thy. I think him a much better man than I.
Pen. Since you are chang'd, why may not he be so?
I leave it to your choice, believe the King;
And make up all the breaches of your House,
Or begin new Confusions by your stay;
Affront the King, and make him shed the blood
Of your dear Son, and me your just old Friend,
Hew Nations down to make his way to you,
Whilst Curses in full cry shall hunt you out,
As the great common mischief of the world.
Thy. No more, no more, I'm overcome—I'le go——
Pen. Oh! Gods! I thank you for so good success
In my good Embassy.
Phi. And in my Love.
Thy. You Divine Guardians of these innocent Woods,
My only Friends of all the Heavenly Powers;
Who here so faithfully have hid me long,
And blest my mind with penitence and ease,
If you can bear the wickedness of Courts,
Go with us thither, and preserve us there:
Not but my life to Justice is a debt;
But let not my dear Son, and good old Friend,
Prove guilty of shedding their own blood and mine,
By undertaking such a good Design.
For who will Vertue follow, and obey,
If when she is their Guide, men lose their way?

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Enter Thyeſtes, Philiſthenes, Peneus.

SCENE Mycenæ.

Thy. OH! wondrous pleaſure to a baniſh'd man!
I feel my lov'd, long look'd for Native Soyl;
My former Inceſt (horrid to be nam'd)
Gave me not greater pleaſure, than this new
Innocent Inceſt with my Mother Earth.
And oh! my weary Eyes, that all the day
Had from ſome Mountain travell'd toward this place,
Now reſt themſelves upon the Royal Towers
Of that great Palace where I had my birth.
Oh! ſacred Towers! ſacred in your height,
Mingling with Clouds, the Villa's of the Gods,
Whither for ſecret pleaſures they retire.
Sacred, becauſe you are the work of Gods;
Your lofty looks boaſt your Divine deſcent,
And the proud City which lies at your Feet,
And wou'd give place to nothing but to you,
Owns her Original is ſhort of yours.
And now a thouſand Objects more ride faſt
On morning beams, and meet my Eyes in throngs. [*A ſhout.*
And ſee all *Argos* meets me with loud ſhouts.
Phi. Oh! joyful ſound.
Thy. But with them *Atreus* too.
Phi. What ails my Father, that he ſtops and ſhakes,
And now retires?
Thy. Return with me my Son,
And old Friend *Peneus*, to the honeſt beaſts
And faithful deſart, and well ſeated Caves;
The Beaſts declare their Natures without fraud:
Trees ſhelter man, by whom they often dye,
And never ſeek revenge; no Villany
Lyes in the proſpect of an humble Cave.
Pen. Talk you of Villany, of Foes and Fraud?

Thy. I talk of *Atreus.*
Pen. What are these to him?
Thy. Nearer than I am, for they are himself.
Pen. Gods drive these impious thoughts out of your mind.
Thy. The Gods for all our safety put 'em there:
Return, return with me.
Pen. Against our Oaths?
I cannot stem the Vengeance of the Gods.
Thy. Here are no Gods, they've left this dire abode.
Phi. Oh! Father! Father! if not for my sake,
For all our Family, all the Kingdoms sake,
Bring your dear fellow Exiles peace and joy
To *Argos*, who does Court 'em with a Crown.
Oh! look upon the Splendour of a Crown;
See from the rising King it dawns this way;
Oh! look upon it Father.
Thy. Yes, I do,
As I have often look'd upon the Sun,
When I have seen him heave a thousand Waves
In brimming Spouts, up to his Lips to drink,
To spit 'em all in the Seas Face again,
Or on some Desart, where they only serv'd
To cool a while the thirst of burning Sands:
So are we all by Royal splendour suck'd
Up to the Clouds, to be let fall again
Upon some dreadful unexpected Fate.
Pen. True Race of *Tantalus*! who Parent like
Are doom'd in midst of plenty to be starv'd.
His Hell and yours differ alone in this;
When he wou'd catch at joys they fly from him,
When Glories catch at you, you fly from them.
Thy. A fit Comparison; our joys and his
Are lying Shadows, which to trust is Hell.
What? Shall I trust my Brother and a Crown,
Two the uncertain'st things, I was about
To say, the falsest things in the whole world?
Phi. I must be wretched then.
Thy. Well, for thy sake,
Though I trust not the King, I'le trust the Gods.

Enter

Enter Atreus *pompouſly attended.*

Pen. The King is near,——and now his Eye is laid
Firmly upon you, and has ſeiz'd you faſt.
Atr. The beaſt is ſnar'd!—and I'm as fierce for prey, [*Aſide.*
As the big *Spartan* Dog, when the fell Bore
Laggs within reach of his long ſtretching neck.
He breaks the Couples, from the Huntſman gets,
And knows no Maſter but his love to bloud.
My love to bloud will from my Fraud get looſe:
But what a thing he is? Exile and Grief
Serve him ſo ſlovenly up to my Board,
It palls my Stomach; but I'le garniſh him
With Princely Robes.——Oh! Brother! to my Arms——
My Arms, dear Brother; render me your long
Deſir'd Embrace.
Thy. Oh! I have forfeited
The Title of your Brother; do not, Sir,
Revile the honour'd Name, by giving it
To me your humble penitent poor Slave.
Atr. Away to everlaſting baniſhment
The odious memory of all moments paſt,
And all their Progeny.
Thy. I had prepar'd
Excuſes for my Crimes, and what were truth;
But this amazing Piety and Love
Render me paſt excuſe, the worſt of men.
Atr. Muſt theſe dire thoughts, like *Harpies*, hover round
Our Friendſhip ſtill? Hence with 'em to abodes
More hid from man, than thoſe from whence you came.
And riſe! oh, riſe to my embrace! what means
This low unfitting poſture?
Thy. It means more
Than words can ſpeak; I never kneel'd before:
Then gueſs the honour I wou'd pay to you.
Atr. I in the kindeſt manner take the ſenſe,
But do not like the Language of the Knee;
'Tis between Brothers an ungrateful Tongue.

Then

Then rise to me, or I will kneel to you;
We will be equal.

Thy. That shall never be:
I'le rise to your commmand; and so I still
Bow in obedience low.

Atr. Once more your arms,
My dearest Brother.

Thy. My most excellent King.

Atr. Now dear *Philisthenes*! thy arms, sweet Youth.

Phi. Sir, give me leave to fall and kiss your Feet.

Atr. Indeed it shall not be.

Phi. Pray suffer me.

Atr. No, hang upon my Neck, thou art my Son:
Wilt thou not own the Title of my Son?

Phi. Not own it, Sir?——

Atr. Now last let me embrace [*Embraces* Peneus.
The standing blessing of our Family.

Pen. Had I been only born for this good hour,
And all my fourscore years a desart Road,
Without one joy to ease my Pilgrimage,
This Journeys end had made amends for all.

Atr. Good man!

Phi. Now Father, do you credit us? [*To* Thy.

Atr. Still there are Clouds that darken my delight,
My Brothers Garments——Brother spare my Eyes,
And with these Royal Ornaments conceal
These Reliques of deceas'd unhappiness.

The Attendants give Thyestes *rich Robes.*

Thy. Sir, These foul Garments are the Livery
Of a good Master, sorrow for my sins.

Atr. But you shall have no Master in my Court;
For with these Ornaments receive my Crown.

Takes his Diadem from his head, and gives it to Thyestes.

Thy. A second Usurpation? Gods forbid!
If my more fitting Garb offend your Eyes,
Let me lye hid among th' attending Crowd.

Atr. You shall be hid no more.

Thy. I'm great enough,

Whilst

Whilst you are so; Friendship so makes me yours,
In lessening your own self, you lessen me.

Atr. It is more great to give, than wear a Crown.

Thy. And to refuse more glorious than to give;
That is the share of greatness I will chuse;
And you invited me to take my share.

Atr. I did, then both of us will be thus great,
I in my Crown, you in excelling me.
But see my *Ærope*, my dearest Queen.

Enter the Queen attended, and richly habited.

Thy. My shame, my horror, my Eternal Hell.

Æro. Your spacious goodness, Sir, has farther reach'd
Than guilt cou'd fly; and has invited home,
To all the glories of your Court, a man,
I'le boldly tell it him before his face,
For whom Hell has not punishment enough.
There is a Creature, for whom Heaven has scarce
Rewards enow, oppress with heavy wrongs,
And is not suffer'd to breath open Air.

Atr. What is this Creature?

Æro. Injur'd Innocence:
Which before man and Gods I claim for mine.
And I intreat you, nay, conjure you, Sir,
Not as you are my Husband, but my King,
The Representative of the Just Gods,
To bring my innocence into the light,
And if the Sun himself has not more spots——

Atr. You'd have my Brother speak your innocence?
What need? I have exactly weigh'd your cause?

Æro. I'le have the Ballance hang'd upon Sun-beams,
That Heaven and Earth may see my innocence——

Atr. My Throne exalts it into all mens view.

Æro. Sir, it exalts your goodness, and not mine:
Unless you Crown my Fame as well as me,
I only bear the luggage of your praise.

Atr. The world may be assur'd I've not a doubt.

Æ. But nothing in the World shall have a doubt.

Atr. By the Eternal Gods, the Whore commits [*Aside.*

Inceſt in fancy with the Villain here,
Before my Face: The very ſight of him
Has got her Spirit big with Inſolence.

Thy. Sir, you but lately offer'd me your Crown;
I for a moment will aſſume the gift,
And be a King; that is, be uncontroul'd,
Whilſt I declare the Queens wrong'd innocence.

Atr. What need all this? I know what you wou'd ſay.

Thy. I raviſh'd her, and Hell did raviſh me.

Atr. And I, who have been wrong'd by both of you,
Muſt, for my Recompence, be diſobey'd.
Nature (I find) has to the Birth and Death
Of every thing annex'd tormenting pangs.
Pangs wait upon the Birth of our new joys,
And our paſt ills dye with Convulſion fits.

Ær. My innocence is clear'd, and now diſpoſe
Of me, Sir, at your pleaſure.

Thy. And of me.

Atr. Then thus I will diſpoſe of all of you.
My Brother to my Friendſhip and my Crown.
To my delighted boſome, my dear Queen.
To my *Antigone*, this noble Youth.
This good old man to my rewards, and thanks.——
Do you all weep for joy? Come dry your Eyes;——
My Love ſhall be too hot for ſuch light dew.
Now let the Trumpets reparation make,
For frightning *Argos* with the ſounds of War,
And ſet hearts dancing to the ſounds of Peace.
Let the pale Mothers trembling for their Babes,
Now dandle 'em in their Arms with ſmiling Cheeks.
Return the Husbands back to their young Wives,
And let not Armour hinder their embrace.
Let Swords wear Ruſt, the Livery of Peace,
Let every Door be with a Garland Crown'd,
And all the Conduits ſurfeited with Wine,
Till they o're-flow with infinite exceſs.
And now prepare the Temple, Altars, Prieſts,
For the great Ceremony of the Day.
Call my *Antigone* to meet her Love.
Brother, lead on——indeed you muſt——you ſhall——

Ex.

Ex. Thy. Atreus, Ærope, *and as they go off* Antigone *enters, runs to* Philisthenes, *and embraces him.*

Ant. My Love!

Phi. My Love!

Ant. Oh! my excessive joy.
And is this possible? oh Gods! good Gods
When I left thee at the unfaithful Cave,
Did I e're think to find thee with this joy?

Phi. When I was seiz'd and dragg'd before the King,
Did I e're think that this shou'd be my Death,
To dye in thy embraces with delight?

Ant. This was the art of the Celestial Powers,
To hold their Jewels up at a high price.

Phi. The Gods give nothing cheap, but misery.
What have I suffer'd for this happiness?
I have a large account to bring thee in.
And thou shalt pay it all, I will extend
All the Estate of Beauty which thou hast.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. The Temple is prepar'd, the Priests attend;
The Court expects you with impatience, Sir.

Phi. Is't possible? And does Love stay for us?
Pardon us Love, thou ne're didst so before:
Since thou art so impatient for thy work,
By all the Gods I'le find thee work enough. [*Ex.*

The Scene a Temple. Priests at the Altar. Enter Atreus, Ærope, Thyestes, Philisthenes, Antigone, Peneus, *Attendants. The Nuptial Ceremony perform'd; they come out of the Temple. The Scene continues.*

Atr. Now, Madam, you shall entertain the Bride. [*To Ære.*
The Bridegroom I have chosen for my Guest.
And Daughter, you shall spare him for an hour,
To Gods that fill our lusty bowls with Wine,
We usually pour some in gratitude.

Daughter, I've fill'd your Life brim-full of Joy,
And you ſhall offer the firſt hour to me.
So long the Bridegroom is my Sacrifice.
Stay in the Temple, noble Youth, a while,
I will return to thee immediately,
I wou'd unfold to thee ſome myſteries.

Ærope *and Ladies lead out* Antigone *at one Door: At another go* Atreus, Thyeſtes, Peneus. Philiſthenes *follows as to wait upon the King——after a ſhort pauſe* Prieſts *bring in* Phi. *ſtript and bound.*

Phi. Ha! what means this?
Prieſt. 'Tis by the Kings command.
Phi. What does the King intend?
Prieſt. We cannot tell.
Phi. You lye.
Prieſt. Why ſhou'd we lye?
Phi. 'Cauſe ye are Prieſts,
It is your Trade to lye, you live by lies.
Your Temples are your ſhops where you ſell lyes.
Prieſt. What lyes ſell we?
Phi. Why, any lyes you pleaſe;
Fools take 'em off your hands at any rate.
You Cheats, you Murderers, you Quacks of Hell,
You keep mankind diſeas'd to vend your Drugs.
The King was cur'd of his diſeaſe, Revenge,
And you have ſold him ſome Religious lye,
Has poyſon'd him with Cruelty again:
And I among you ſhall be murder'd here——
Barb'rouſly murder'd.
Prieſt. Who ſhou'd murder you?
Phi. Need I doubt that, when I am among Prieſts.
Prieſts. Why do you wrong us thus?
Phi. How, I wrong you?
Can any one wrong Prieſts? Kings wrong themſelves
And all the world, they do not hang you all.
For Kings are never ſafe, nor Subjects good,
Where Prieſts prevail; you keep the Power of Kings,
And only let 'em have what ſhare you pleaſe.
You take the fooliſh peoples Conſciences,

And give 'em back what honestly you please;
You keep the Keys of Womens Chambers too,
And let men have what share in 'em you please:
When you deliver up a Marriage Lock,
You still reserve a Key for your own use:
But Men or Women may play any game,
And cheat their fill, if they will pay your Box.
Oh! my *Antigone*! *Antigone!*
Thou little think'st thy beautious Eyes have had
Their last, last view of poor *Philisthenes*,
A bloudy Carcass, or a moaning Ghost
Is all that ever thou wilt see of me;
For I am in Priests hands, and the world knows
How little they will leave of what they grasp.
Why do you use me thus, you Murderers?
Pr. You wrong us, we abhor the bloody name.
Phi. Will you not murder me?
Pr. We'l rather dye.
Phi. Nor aid the King to do't?
Pr. Nor aid the King:
But we must sacrifice you.
Phi. Oh! you Dogs;
What differs that from murder but in name?
Oh! how these Villains cheat the world with names?
Were Wolves, or Lyons e're the tamer Beasts,
For being call'd Lambs, give murders, Massacres,
Good names, they are transform'd to ex'lent works.
Phi. The King has vowed you to th' infernal Gods.
And 'tis our duty to assist his Vows.
Pr. And shou'd the people enter into Leagues,
And vow the King to the infernal Gods,
For money you wou'd aid their hellish Vows,
And curse all honest men that wou'd not aid.
Religion's made by you a Lottery Book,
Which cheats the world of every thing they have.
Oh! Gods! deliver poor mankind from Priests:
But oh! who can deliver wretched me?
For I am in their dark Dominion here;
One of Hells strongest frontier Garrisons.

Enter Atreus.

Atr. *Philisthenes*?
Phi. Yes, Sir——what is your will?
Why have you order'd me to be thus bound?
Atr. To dye.
Phi. For what?
Atr. Thou art *Thyestes* Son.
Phi. That's not my fault.
Atr. But a damn'd fault of his,
To dare to multiply his curſed ſelf,
And ſend a filthy and inceſtuous Stream
To poyſon all the Ages of the World;
But here it ſtops, I'le turn its courſe to Hell.
Phi. I thought y' had pardon'd all my Fathers faults.
Atr. Thou art a Boy, thy Father is a Fool,
Penens a Dotard, all run up to Beard;
I have enſnar'd you all, to feed my Fiends,
As men hunt ſavage Beaſts to give their Dogs.
But Tyrants Furies are ſo highly fed,
That mine will ſcorn the Souls of ſuch damn'd Fools.
Phi. Y' embrac'd us all with Vows and Oaths and Smiles,
And promiſes of everlaſting love;
Can ſuch diſguiſes well become a King?
Atr. They are thy Fathers own caſt Vizards all.
He embrac'd me with Vows and Oaths and Smiles,
Then made my Wife an everlaſting Whore.
No more——the Caldron and the Fire.——
Phi. For what?
Atr. To ſerve thee, as thy Father has ſerv'd me,
He has enkindled ſuch a Fire in me,
As boyls my Fleſh in my own ſcalding bloud.
I'le boyl thy Heart in thy own pureſt bloud,
To treat thy Father at thy Bridal Feaſt.
Phi. Oh! Hell! all Hell is in your words and looks!
Why ſtart you not at your own dreadful voice;
For 'tis a Devils voice, and not a mans;
And Hell pours all its rage into your Breaſt.
Atr. Then Hells an Aſs to throw away its rage,

On

On a heart, full as it cou'd hold before.

Phi. Oh! horrour!
Are these my Nuptial joys?

Atr. Such as thy Fathers sins provided thee.

Phi. Oh! my *Antigone*! *Antigone*!
Tyrant thank her for all the tears I shed.

Atr. Canst thou be tortur'd with the loss of her?

Phi. More than with all thou canst inflict besides.

Atr. By all thy torment then, guess half of mine,
Thou losest but the half of what thou lov'st,
Only her sight a while, and with no shame.
My *Ærope* was once as dear to me,
Her Heart was stollen, and body whor'd for me,
That I have lost all of her, and with all shame.

Phi. I must acknowledge, Sir, your wrongs are great.

Atr. And my revenge shall equal all my wrongs.

Phi. But why on me? unless you mean to spare
My Father; and if so, pour all on me.

Atr. I cannot wound thy Father, but through thee.

Phi. Oh! spare me! spare me! for your own sake
See the Gods threaten you in Prodigies.
Your Palace nods to bid you have a care.

Atr. My Palace shakes for fear of its own Fate;
It did assist thy Father in his Crimes.

Phi. The Temple Columns bend, to beg my life.

Atr. Did Gods come down to beg thy hated Life,
Into their Faces I wou'd spurn thy blood.

Phi. Then you'l not mind their weeping Images;
Like frightned women in cold sweats they reel.

Atr. Let frightned women mind 'em.

Phi. Th' Angry Gods
Dart fiery Javelins fiercely at your Head,
But miss it, 'cause their hands with horrour shake.

Atr. Then I am here the only thing unmov'd,
And I dare do, what nothing dare behold.

Phi. Yes Tyrant, I dare see, and suffer too,
With greater courage, all thou canst inflict,
Than thou darst look on thy own frightful Soul.

Atr. How now! what is this?

Phi. This is *Philisthenes*,
Tyrant, thou never spok'st with me till now.

The wretched thing that tumbled at thy feet,
Was but a Garment which thou kep'st in pawn;
Whilst my Soul went to see *Antigone*,
And take its leave; but now I am come home,
My Breast will meet thy Dagger when it dares.
Atr. I thank you Gods I did not kill this Boy,
For of the sudden he is grown a man.
Come Priests.
Phi. I, ever while you live call Priests,
If you wou'd have a solemn murder done.
Atr. Bind with a purple band the Victims head:
Prepare the Incense, Fire, Knife, Wine and Meal.
Phi. Oh! spare your pains, Priests are not to be taught
The way to murder Princes decently,
As to your sorrow you may quickly find
If any Rebels shall e're need your blood.
But I will give the remnant of my breath
In one full sigh to dear *Antigone*!
What have I suffer'd long for a short hope,
Which in a moment perishes with me?
A short sweet hope was all I had of thee,
And a long mournful memory will be all
Thou, dear *Antigone*, wilt have of me.
But I will render it so glorious,
Thou shalt not be quite void of Nuptial joys,
As I am not in hopes thou all thy life
Wilt love my name, as I dye sighing thine,
Antigone! oh! my *Antigone*!
Atr. Then dye!—'tis done—'tis well—'tis excellent.

[*Atr. stabs* Phi. *he falls.*

So now *Thyestes* I shall bring thee in
A dreadful score for all thy pleasant sin;
Much dost thou owe me, and much shalt thou pay;
Gods ask of him the blood is shed to day.
I lodg'd the Traytor, and he rob'd my throne,
And whor'd my Wife, for which I seize his Son,
If you have title to the blood that's lost,
Pursue the Robber, not the plunder'd Host.

[*Ex.*

ACT.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Enter Atreus *and* Thyestes. *A Table and Banquet.*

SCENE *the Court.*

Atr. COme Brother, ſit.

Thy. May not *Philiſtenes*
Sit with us, Sir?

Atr. He waits upon the Bride:
The Queen, the Bride, and Ladies are all fat;
They are before-hand with us, let us haſte
To overtake 'em. [*Atr. and Thy. ſit.*

Thy. Let us bleſs the Feaſt
With the Brides health——Sir, to the fair Brides health.
[*Both drink.*

Atr. My moſt dear Brother, I will do you right.

Muſique.

Atr. A deeper bowl; this to the Bridegrooms health.

Thy. This to the Gods for this moſt joyful day,
[Thy. *pours ſome wine on the ground, both drink.*
Now to the Bridegrooms health.

Atr. This day ſhall be
To *Argos* an Eternal Feſtival.

Thy. Fortune and I to day try both our ſtrengths,
I have quite tyr'd her left-hand miſery,
She now relieves it with her right-hand joy,
Which ſhe lays on me with her utmoſt force;
But both ſhall be too weak for my ſtrong Spirit.

Atr. So! now my Engines of delight have ſcru'd *Aſide.*
The Monſter to the top of Arrogance,
And now he's ready for his deadly fall.

Thy. Oh! theſe extreams of miſery and joy,
Meaſure the vaſt extent of a mans Soul,
My Spirit reaches Fortunes Eaſt and Weſt.

She

She has oft ſet and riſen here, yet cannot get
Out of the vaſt Dominion of my mind.
Ha! my proud vaunting has a ſudden check;
See! from my Head my Crown of Roſes falls.
My Hair, though almoſt drown'd beneath ſweet Oyls,
With ſtrange and ſudden horrours ſtarts upright.
Something, I know not what, bids me not eat;
And what I have devour'd, within me groans,
I fain wou'd tear my breaſt to ſet it free.
And I have catch'd the eager thirſt of tears,
Which all weak Spirits have in misery,
I who in baniſhment ne're wept, weep now.

Atr. Brother regard it not, 'tis but a fit.
Misery like night is haunted with ill Spirits,
And Spirits leave not eaſily their haunts;
'Tis ſaid, ſometimes they'l impudently ſtand
A flight of beams from the forlorn of day,
And ſcorn the Crowing of the Sprightly Cocks;
Brother 'tis morning with our pleaſure yet,
Nor has the ſprightly Wine Crow'd off enough;
See in great Flaggons at full length it ſleeps,
And lets theſe melancholly thoughts break in
Upon our weaker pleaſures, rouze the Wine,
And bid him chaſe theſe furies hence for ſhame,
Fill up that reverend unconquer'd bowl,
Who many a Grape in his time has fallen,
And many a Monſter, *Hercules*, not mine.

Thy. If he deſcends into my groaning breaſt,
Like *Hercules*, he will deſcend to Hell.

Atr. And he will conquer all the Monſters there.
Brother, your courage with this Hero try;
He o're our houſe has reign'd two hundred years,
And he's the only King ſhall rule you here.

Thy. What ails me? I cannot heave it to my Lips.

Atr. What, is the bowl too heavy?

Thy. No, my heart.

Atr. The Wine will lighten it.

Thy. The Wine will not
Come near my Lips.

Atr. Why ſhou'd they be ſo ſtrange?

They're

They'r near a kinne.

Thy. A kinne?

Atr. As possible, Father and Son not nearer?

Thy. What do you mean?

Atr. Does not good Wine beget good blood?

Thy. 'Tis true.

Atr. Your Lips then and the Wine may be a kin.
Off with your kindred Wine, leave not a drop
To dye alone, bewildred in that bowle.
Help him to heave it to his Head, that's well.

Thyestes *drinks; a clap of Thunder, the Table oversets, and falls in pieces, all the lights go out.*

Thy. What ponderous Crimes pull Heaven on our Heads?
Nature is choak'd with some vast Villany,
And all her Face is black.

Atr. Some lights, some lights.

Thy. The Sky is stun'd, and reels 'tween Night and Day;
Old *Chaos* is return'd.

Atr. It is to see
A young one born, more dreadful than her self,
That promises great comfort to her age,
And to restore her Empire.

Thy. What do you mean?

Atr. Confusion I have in thy bowels made.

Thy. Dire thoughts, like Furies, break into my mind
With flaming brands, and shew me what he means.
VVhere is *Philisthenes*?

Atr. Ask thy own bowels:
Thou heardst 'em groan, perhaps they now will speak.

Thy. Thou hast not Tyrant——what?—I dare not ask——

Atr. I kill'd thy Son, and thou hast drunk his blood.

Thy. Oh! Villany so vast it broke the Poles;
And through the spacious flaw, Hell rush'd on Earth.

Atr. Thy groaning bowels call'd up Hell to Earth;
VVild beasts will follow one anothers howles.

Thy. Hell came to have an interview with thee,
The greater Monster; one whose Villany
Has scar'd away the Sun; he wou'd depose

Himſelf, e're lend thy wickedneſs his light.

Atr. E're lend my Juſtice,—but he cou'd lend all
His wealth to help thee to corrupt my Wife;
That he and all the Gods may flye for ſhame;
They all combin'd to that; Gods ſtop'd the Mouth
Of blabbing Thunder, leſt it ſpoyl'd the ſport,
Nature cou'd ſee that ſight, and not be ſick,
Nor in diſorder rowl, as ſhe does now.

Thy. I muſt confeſs, thy impious ſelf, or I
Wou'd make Hell ſtrain to outdo us in ſin;
But of the three thou art the overmatch,
For Hell has bounds, thy wickedneſs has none.

Atr. My juſt rewards of wickedneſs have none.

Thy. Oh! Gods! If I deſerve this puniſhment,
Revenge the Heavens plunder'd of their light:
Compoſe of lightning a falſe dreadful day,
And take no aim, but dart it at us both;
Hit one of us, and tis no matter which,
You ſtrike the wickedſt man that lives on Earth.
You will be merciful in burning me,
Make me become my dear Son's Funeral pile.
All Gods have left us but the Powers of Hell,
Thoſe only are fit to bear us Company;
And with a Sword I fear to end my grief,
Leſt I in my own boſom ſtab my Son.

Atr. I never had thee in my power till now;
I had thy Fortune, Children, and thy Life;
But now theſe tears confeſs I have thy Soul,
And now I'm well rewarded for my pains.

Thy. If now I ſhou'd not grieve, I were no man;
But a more horrid Monſter than thy ſelf.
What was my poor Sons fault?—

Atr. That he was thine.

Thy. And being mine, won'dſt thou give me, give me
His blood to drink?

Atr. Who injur'd me but thee?

Thy. Bear witneſs Gods! he owns the innocence
Of this poor Youth, whoſe bloud he made me drink?

Atr. What Gods? the Guardians of Nuptial Beds?

Thy. Muſt ſin with ſin be puniſh'd?

Atr. No, that ſin
becomes a Vertue, that chaſtiſes ſin.
Thy. Oh! my poor Son! ——
Atr. All theſe are tears of rage, ——
'Cauſe I' a aforehand with thee in this ſin.
Thou with my Children wou'dſt have treated me;
But that thou wert afraid they were thy own
Inceſtuous Baſtards all.
Thy. I've done with thee,
And leave thee to the Gods for puniſhment.
Atr. But I've not done with thee; for though thy eyes
Pleaſe me with weeping, ſo they ſhall not ſcape.
The ſight of the remainders of thy Son,
And of her death thou lov'ſt above thy Son,
Shall tear 'em out, and then the work's compleat.
Open the Temple Gates, and call the Queen.
You mingled Luſts, now you ſhall mingle pains,
And through your Eyes, the paſſage of your Luſts.
Here ſhew the Father the Sons torn remains.

[*The Temple is open,* Philiſthenes *lyes bloudy.*

Thy. Oh! my *Philiſthenes*! my mangled Son!
Had ever Hell ſuch cruelty as this?
Atr. Nor man ſuch Treaſon and ſuch luſt as thine,
Nor injur'd Monarch ſuch revenge as I.
Thy former Villany, and preſent Tears,
I'le caſt in Braſs, and in Effigie
I'le drag thee round all ages of the world.

Enter Antigone *in a raving poſture, Women offer to hold her.*

Ant. Stand off, I am not mad, but I ſhall be,
If this be true; it never can be true,
Oh! Sir, I've heard——
Atr. What have you heard?
Ant. Oh! Gods!
Oh! horrour!——
Atr. What's the matter with you?——ſpeak!
What have you heard?
Ant. You have kill'd *Philiſthenes.*
Atr. There was no ſecret love between you? ha?

Enter Ærope, *between her two Children* Agamemnon *and* Menelaus.

Æro. What is the matter both with Heaven and Earth?
For every Face below is white as Death,
And Heavens Face above is black as Hell.
Sir, you was pleas'd to send for me they say?
Atr. I did.
Æro. But I had come if you had not.
I was with my two little pretty Sons,
My *Agamemnon*, and my *Menelaus*,
When of the sudden, with a thousand groans,
The Air brought forth a monstrous Shade, as black
As Hell had vomited a Lake of Pitch.
Atr. Thy sins were then in labour, and brought forth
This bloody Vengeance.
Æro. Oh! most dreadful sight!
Atr. The worst I ever saw, except thy self.
Æro. My Child is murder'd!
Atr. By thy own lust.
Æro. No, by thy Perjury, inhumane Prince.
Atr. How durst thou name, or think of Perjury.
Æro. That Villain clear'd the innocence he wrong'd.
Atr. I never will believe either him or thee.
Æro. This bloody spectacle says that too loud.
I see a Dagger in my poor Childs hand.
I thank thee Daughter for this Legacy.
Now hear me Gods, for hear me well you may;
Born high on Innocence, I reach your Throne,
If e're in thought I yielded to that sin,
For which I suffer so much misery;
Kindle a Hell o' purpose for my Soul:
But if I undeserv'd have born all this,
Then build a Heaven fit for my reward,
And I will lay the first Foundation Stone.
Thus, thus, thus; [*She stabs* Thy.
Nay Villain I will lay you firm. [*Stabs* Thy. *several times.*
This for the loss of my dear Husband's Love:
This for the loss of my dear Daughters Life:

his for the ruin of my honeſt Name;
This for my Life I am about to loſe.
Now I have done my ſelf this little right,
I can with comfort dye!—oh! Sir, farewell; [To Atr.
You looſe a faithful Wife, what-e're you think,
Made by great wrongs unfit for your embrace
But moſt deſerving your kind memory.

Atr. Oh! Sir! come here and ſee your workmanſhip.

Pen. Oh! my deluded miſerable age!
Have I toyl'd fourſcore years for Innocence,
And am I made a murderer at laſt?

Atr. Hence Hypocrite! thou never hadſt conceal'd
My lewd and Trait'rous Brother in thy Houſe,
So nurtur'd all his horrid ſins, when born,
But that thou wert a bawd to 'em before.

Pen. An ex'lent thing it is to ſerve your houſe.
For Charity to him I'm call'd a bawd;
For ſerving you I'm made a Murderer.

Atr. For ſerving my revenge I give thee Life;
But for concealing him, thy feeble Life
I cumber with the load of all this blood.

Pen. The ſcarlet Livery of your Family;
I wear your badge; Furies will know me now,
They are the Stewards of your Family,
They'l pay me all the wages I deſerve.

Atr. Go, for thy wages then——to Hell—begone——
Begone I ſay, and ſee my Face no more.

Pen. Wou'd I had never ſeen the face of you,
Or any of your impious Family. [Ex. Pen.

Atr. Thruſt the old Traytour out, away with him.
I do no more by him, then Gods by me;
For I am driven by them from plague to plague.
Man is a vagabond both poor and proud,
He treads on beaſts who give him Cloaths and Food.
But the Gods catch him whereſoe're he lurks,
Whip him, and ſet him to all painful works.
And yet he brags he ſhall be crown'd when dead,
Were ever Princes in a Bridewell bred?
Nothing is ſinfully begot but he,
Can baſeborn Baſtards lawful Soveraigns be?

That

Confeſs it, was there? have you been ſo falſe?

Ant. Oh! Sir, you fill my heart with dreadful fears:
The news is true——

Atr. What's true?——

Ant. That you have kill'd——

Atr. That you have lov'd my Enemy?——Is that true?——

Ant. He is not, never was your Enemy.

Atr. But did you love him?

Ant. Yes above my Soul.
We both lov'd long, above expreſſion lov'd,
Unknown to any but our faithful ſelves.

Atr. Haſt thou abus'd me ſo? why then let that
Which has thy Lover take thy Soul.

Ant. What's that?

Atr. What ſhou'd have damn'd *Thyeſtes* Son, but Hell?
If thou wilt take Hells leavings there thou mayſt.

Atr. points to Phi. *Ant. runs to him and falls at his feet in a Swoun.*

Ant. Oh! my *Philiſthenes*! my murder'd Love?

Atr. And, oh! my murder'd hopes? I thought this Maid
Had Vertues wou'd ſupport our falling Houſe;
I thought o'her ſide I was thunder proof,
And ſhe's as falſe as any of our Race,
A Traytreſs to her Father and her King.

Thy. Now 'tis my turn, fall Tyrant to inſult,
Thou haſt devour'd thy own beloved Child
As well as I, the Gods have given my heart
This Cordial of Revenge before I dye.

Atr. She's none of mine.

Thy. May they be curſt that wake thee from this Dream,
Till thou haſt ſhed thy Daughters innocent blood.

Ant. Oh! horrour! horrour! my *Philiſthenes*
All mangled, torn, and gory!——horrour—oh!

Atr. How durſt thou, Traytreſs, love my Enemy.

Ant. He had more worth than all our Race beſides,
None of our Race did e're deſerve to live,——
But this ſweet Youth, and me for loving him.

Atr. How dar'ſt thou talk thus? Fond Idolatrous Fool!

Ant. After this murder, what have I to fear?
Nothing but Life, and keeping of my Wits.

Oh! with theſe words you have more cut my heart,
Than had you pierc'd it with a thouſand Swords;
For now I find 'twas I ſhed all this blood.
Oh! Gods! oh Father! oh *Philiſthenes*,
What have I ſpyed? The Knife that kill'd my Love?
Oh! you good Gods! [*Aſide.*
I thought a Prieſt ſhou'd once have joyn'd our hands;
But now this Knife ſhall mingle our hearts blood.
Atr. What art thou doing there? thy looks are wild,
I like 'em not——to thy Apartment——go,
I can repair thy loſs, but the whole world
Can never repair mine, ſhou'd I loſe thee.
Ant. I have ſo wounded my obedience,
By loving that dear Youth without your leave,
That 'tis too weak to hold my mighty grief,
Which forces me to dye without your leave.
Beſides, Sir, all the Gods have call'd me hence,
And ſent their pleaſure by this Inſtrument. [*Stabs her ſelf.*
I come *Philiſthenes*——
Atr. Oh! hold her hand——
Too late, too late,
The Fatal blow is given;
Where had ſhe that accurſed Inſtrument?
She's paſt recovery! oh! my dear Child.
Thy. Oh! you juſt Gods!——
Atr. Inceſtuous Traytor peace,
Thy Villany did help to murder her,
Thy guilt is greater, and I'm more enrag'd.
Thy. I ſcorn thy rage, for what have I to fear?
Atr. Look here, and think what thou haſt not to fear.
[*Pointing to* Ant.
Thy. Ay, but look there, and what have I to fear?
[*Pointing to* Phi.
Atr. An age of lingring torments.
Thy. That I bear
In this one minutes ſight of that poor Youth.
Atr. Then I will add.
Thy. New will refreſh with change.

Enter

Enter Ærope, *between her two Children* Agamemnon *and* Menelaus.

Æro. What is the matter both with Heaven and Earth?
For every Face below is white as Death,
And Heavens Face above is black as Hell.
Sir, you was pleas'd to send for me they say?
Atr. I did.
Æro. But I had come if you had not.
I was with my two little pretty Sons,
My *Agamemnon*, and my *Menelaus*,
When of the sudden, with a thousand groans,
The Air brought forth a monstrous Shade, as black
As Hell had vomited a Lake of Pitch.
Atr. Thy sins were then in labour, and brought forth
This bloody Vengeance.
Æro. Oh! most dreadful sight!
Atr. The worst I ever saw, except thy self.
Æro. My Child is murder'd!
Atr. By thy own lust.
Æro. No, by thy Perjury, inhumane Prince.
Atr. How durst thou name, or think of Perjury.
Æro. That Villain clear'd the innocence he wrong'd.
Atr. I never will believe either him or thee.
Æro. This bloody spectacle says that too loud.
I see a Dagger in my poor Childs hand.
I thank thee Daughter for this Legacy.
Now hear me Gods, for hear me well you may;
Born high on Innocence, I reach your Throne,
If e're in thought I yielded to that sin,
For which I suffer so much misery;
Kindle a Hell o' purpose for my Soul:
But if I undeserv'd have born all this,
Then build a Heaven fit for my reward,
And I will lay the first Foundation Stone.
Thus, thus, thus; [*She stabs* Thy.
Nay Villain I will lay you firm. [*Stabs* Thy. *several times.*
This for the loss of my dear Husband's Love:
This for the loss of my dear Daughters Life:

his for the ruin of my honeſt Name;
This for my Life I am about to loſe.
Now I have done my ſelf this little right,
I can with comfort dye!—oh! Sir, farewell; [To Atr.
You looſe a faithful Wife, what-e're you think,
Made by great wrongs unfit for your embrace
But moſt deſerving your kind memory.

Atr. Oh! Sir! come here and ſee your workmanſhip.

Pen. Oh! my deluded miſerable age!
Have I toyl'd fourſcore years for Innocence,
And am I made a murderer at laſt?

Atr. Hence Hypocrite! thou never hadſt conceal'd
My lewd and Trait'rous Brother in thy Houſe,
So nurtur'd all his horrid ſins, when born,
But that thou wert a bawd to 'em before.

Pen. An ex'lent thing it is to ſerve your houſe.
For Charity to him I'm call'd a bawd;
For ſerving you I'm made a Murderer.

Atr. For ſerving my revenge I give thee Life;
But for concealing him, thy feeble Life
I cumber with the load of all this blood.

Pen. The ſcarlet Livery of your Family;
I wear your badge; Furies will know me now,
They are the Stewards of your Family,
They'l pay me all the wages I deſerve.

Atr. Go, for thy wages then——to Hell—begone——
Begone I ſay, and ſee my Face no more.

Pen. Wou'd I had never ſeen the face of you,
Or any of your impious Family. [Ex. Pen.

Atr. Thruſt the old Traytour out, away with him.
I do no more by him, then Gods by me;
For I am driven by them from plague to plague.
Man is a vagabond both poor and proud,
He treads on beaſts who give him Cloaths and Food.
But the Gods catch him whereſoe're he lurks,
Whip him, and ſet him to all painful works.
And yet he brags he ſhall be crown'd when dead,
Were ever Princes in a Bridewell bred?
Nothing is ſinfully begot but he,
Can baſeborn Baſtards lawful Soveraigns be?

That

That Tyrant then does best, who uses worst,
A mutinous Impostour, so accurst:
I'le breed with care these Boys for mischiefs born,
That men may feel new Rods when th' old is worn. Ex.

Epilogue.

WE shewed you in the Priests to day, a true
And perfect Picture of old Rome *and new;*
One Face serves both; Pagan and Popish Priests
Are but two names for the same bloody Beasts.
Wonder not Poets ne're with Priests agree,
For Priests invade the Poet's Property.
Lying belongs to Poets; as appears
By old Prescriptions of three thousand years;
And Priests permit none but themselves to lye,
Or those that do't by Church-Authority:
Nay, they'l impose their lyes on you for true,
Which honest Poets ne're presum'd to do.
They talk of being inspired, but do most care,
To have you be such Fools to think they are.
But when Priests meet in Councels, Synods, Classes,
They feign wou'd have you think Heaven Mounts the Asses.
The Devil rides 'em very oft 'tis true,
when he has any cursed work to do;
But they have this damn'd fault in ways of sin,
They run so fast the Devil can't hold 'em in.
Then halter Priests, and tye 'em to the racks,
If you will keep the Devil off their backs:
But pray let Poets live, for they no ways
Offend you with damn'd Plots, but in their Plays,
And ask but half a Crown for holding forth,
And that's as much as any lye is worth.

FINIS.